

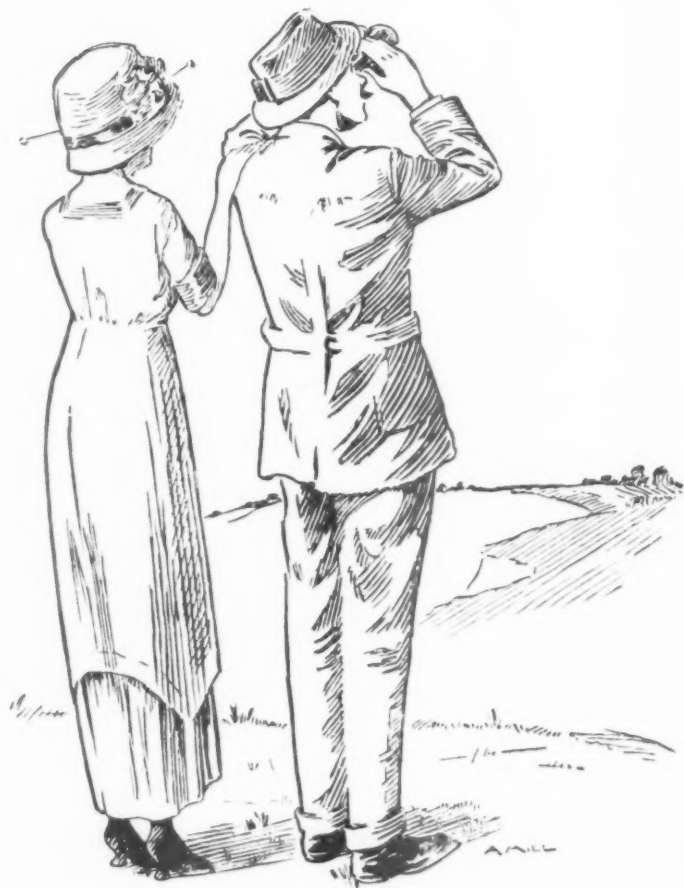
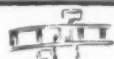
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The QUIVER

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ROSY CHEEKS AND PLUMP CHUBBY LIMBS
MEAN PROPER FEEDING.

COWS' MILK
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Free Sample and interesting 96-page Book, "The Care of Infants,"
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DRESS LINENS

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48 ins. wide, light weight,
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in all new shades, lustrous
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**ACIDITY of the STOMACH,
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Safest and most Effective
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Q-11-y, 1912.]

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FOR THE
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The secret of its success is due
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*It supplies the Hair Cells
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*It gives the Hair a glorious
Silky Sheen.*

**For the Children not only
is it useful in the present,
but it provides for beauti-
ful Hair in the future.**

Golden Colour for Fair Hair

In 3/6 7/- & 10/6 bottles of
Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers,
and ROWLAND'S,
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Soft—Creamy—Delicious

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Not only easily digested, but is considered by medical men to be a great aid to digestion.

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AWAY**

**NEW
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Patronized by H.M. the QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the Readers of THE QUIVER, 15/102 - On receipt of P.O. for 5/6 we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address one of 5/6 our Prudential Real Seamless Worm Half-Guinea



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suitable for Drawing Room, Dining Room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered, in Thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Green, Blue and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY-SIZED ROOM. These Carpets will be sent out as Sample Carpets, with

FREE RUG.

thus showing the identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the Purchaser's Middle Profit. OVER 25,000 SOLD DURING THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

GIVEN AWAY! GIVEN AWAY!
With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send two carpets and TWO RUGS for 10/6.

Galaxy Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearstings, Overmats, Bedsteads, Linoleums, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains &c., Post Free, if mentioning THE QUIVER, 15/102, when writing.

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(Dept. Q.)
Manufacturers, Importers and Merchants
Woodley Road, LEEDS.

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**Books on Health
describing the
Sandow Treatment.**

FREE

Personal Consultations; and Health Advice by Post.



Everyone who is Overstout, "Out of Condition," Dyspeptic, Neurasthenic, or suffering from any of the Health Troubles mentioned in the 24 Book Titles detailed below, may benefit from Mr. Sandow's offer immediately.

Mr. Eugen Sandow, the world-famous health specialist, makes to-day a special offer of health advice and practical help to readers of THE QUIVER.

He has had prepared for free distribution to health seekers who cannot call upon him at his Curative Institute, 32 St. James' Street, London, S.W., 100,000 illustrated books dealing with the cause, symptoms, and cure by his wonderful natural treatment of the most prevalent complaints of the day.

By Mr. Sandow's Treatment 94 persons out of every 100 who take a course are completely cured of the condition or complaint for which they desire relief, whilst in 99 cases out of every 100 material health benefit is assured.

These wonderful results are due to the fact that Mr. Sandow never accepts for treatment any case unless he feels convinced that the sufferer will be benefited by taking the treatment, which in almost every case can be carried out by the patient in his or her own home.

For a limited period Mr. Sandow has reduced the cost of his treatment so as to bring it within the reach of men and women of even most modest means.

Every QUEER reader is invited to select from the list of books below the volume dealing with the condition or illness from which he or she suffers, and to fill in and forward to Mr. Sandow the accompanying form, when free of cost and post paid the book desired will be forwarded immediately, together with particulars of the reduced scale of charges, and a letter of personal advice on the applicant's health and its improvement (this personal letter of advice can only be sent if a letter stating your condition fully is forwarded with the coupon).

CUT OUT AND POST TO-DAY.

Special Sandow Treatment "Reduced Fees"
Concession Form for Postal Inquirers.

To Mr. EUGEN SANDOW, The Sandow Curative Institute,
32 St. James' Street, London, S.W.

Please forward Vol. No. from the Sandow Health Library
and particulars of the special short-time offer of the Sandow Treatment at
Reduced Cost, gratis, post free, and without obligation, to:

Name.....
(Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, or other title.)

Address.....

My age is..... Occupation.....
"Quiver," May, 1913.

- Choose the Book which deals with your own case and write for it to-day. It will be sent you **FREE**.
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| 1. Indigestion and Dyspepsia. | 13. Lack of Vigour. |
| 2. Constipation and Its Cure. | 14. Physical Defects (Men). |
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WOMAN'S FEAR for HER HAIR

Thousands of Readers all over the Country Affrighted at Epidemic of Fading and Falling Hair.

Write To-Day for this Presentation Hair-Growing Toilet Outfit and Save Your Hair's Colour and Luxuriance Before Too Late.

From all over the country come reports of an epidemic of fading and falling hair.

Women as yet are the chiefest sufferers, but men and even children are likewise affected.

Thousands of readers are finding that their hair is

- Losing its elasticity.
- Becoming brittle.
- Splitting at the ends.
- Losing its gloss and lustre.
- Becoming faded and grey.
- Falling out literally in handfuls.

Further, the young growth of the hair (and young hair is for ever growing to replace the old) is being stunted, just as frost nips off the tender shoots of plants and trees.

This causes a great thinning of the hair, and unless daily stimulus and nourishment is given to the hair-roots some form of baldness, either partial or total, is an almost inevitable result.

LOOK IN YOUR LOOKING-GLASS TO-DAY!

No wonder women are affrightened!

No wonder men, too, are getting anxious!

To look in one's mirror and see—suddenly—how thin one's hair is getting, how dull and lifeless it looks, how faded it is becoming—yes, and good gracious! look at the grey hairs. Where have they come from? How old they make me look!—well, it is a terrifying experience for any woman, and not at all a pleasant one for a man either.

So much depends on the hair keeping its strength, colour, and abundance!

For the hair to become grey and thin is to rob a woman of half her charm and all her youthful glory.

It is to put her in the background, to place her amongst the middle-aged, to write the word *Finis* under her career of Social Conquest.

And men, too, find themselves getting "passed over" for promotion, and even losing their employment, because of the "too old" appearance given by their grey or thin hair, or by its absence altogether.

GENEROUS FREE GIFT TO EVERY READER.

Opposite is printed a coupon.

Fill it up, and send it (with 3d. in stamps to pay postage of return outfit) to the Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-96 High Holborn, London, W.C.

In return you will be sent the following free Hair-Growing Toilet Gift. It contains:

1. A bottle containing a week's supply of that delightful hair-food and tonic-dressing, **Harlene for the Hair.**

2. A trial packet of **Cremex for the Scalp**, a delightful Shampoo Powder for home use, which thoroughly cleanses the scalp from Scurf, and prepares the hair for the "Hair-Drill" treatment.

3. Mr. Edwards' private book of "**Hair Drill**" Rules, which shows you how, by practising them for two minutes a day, you can put a stop to the falling or fading of your hair, and restore the latter to luxuriant, healthy, and lustrous abundance.

CURES ALL THE FOLLOWING HAIR AND SCALP DISORDERS:

Just by practising "Harlene Hair-Drill" for two minutes every day (as shown in the book given with each Free Toilet Outfit) you remove the following hair ill-health conditions:

- Total, Partial, or Patchy Baldness.
- Greyness in Streaks or "all over."
- Too-Greasy Hair.
- Loss of Gloss, Lustre, Colour.
- Falling Hair.
- Irritation of the Scalp.
- Scurf Accumulations.
- Too Dry and Brittle Hair.
- Splitting at the Ends.
- Thin, Poverty-Stricken Hair.

All chemists and stores sell Harlene for the Hair in 1s. 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles; Cremex in 1s. boxes of 7 shampoos, single shampoos 2d.; or you can obtain them post free from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-96 High Holborn, London, W.C.

But first write for the seven-days' Free Course of Harlene Hair-Drill. Fill up this Coupon. Post it to-day (with 3d. in stamps to pay carriage of Outfit). By return the complete Triple Toilet Outfit will be yours—to rescue your hair from the perils that are attacking it, and to render it once more attractive, abundant, glossy, bright, and full of colour.

THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO ONE WEEK'S "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" OUTFIT FREE.

To the EDWARDS' HARLENE CO., 95-96 High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me by return of post a presentation toilet outfit for practising Harlene Hair Drill, including (1) Free Bottle of Harlene for the Hair; (2) Free Packet of Cremex Shampoo Powder; (3) Hair Drill Manual of Rules and Instructions for Growing Healthy and Abundant Hair. I enclose 3d. in stamps to pay for the carriage of above to the following address—

NAME

ADDRESS

THE QUIVER, May, 1922

THE QUIVER

CARRY IT HOW YOU LIKE— EVEN UPSIDE DOWN!

The "Swan Safety" absolutely defies trouble.

So simple and strong that it never gets out of order. It is constructed on scientific lines—the "ladder" feed and gold top feed control the ink supply and give the exact supply necessary—no more—no less! The screw-on cap prevents leakage or mess and enables the pen to be carried anyhow.

It pays to pay 12/6 or more for a Pen like that.

"SWAN SAFETY"

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS
AND JEWELLERS.

Write for Descriptive Leaflet—

MABIE, TODD & CO.,
79 & 80 High Holborn, London, W.C.

35 Cheapside, E.C., 92 Regent Street, W.,
London; 3 Exchange Street, Manchester;
10 Rue Neuve, Brussels; Brentano's, 37 Ave.
de l'Opera, Paris; and at New York, Chicago,
Toronto, and Sydney.

THE "QUEEN" RECOMMENDS JOHN BOND'S "CRYSTAL PALACE" WITH OR WITHOUT HEATING, WHICHEVER MARKING INK KIND IS PREFERRED.

FREE AND ENCLOSED WITH EVERY BOTTLE A VOUCHER ENTITLING PURCHASERS TO NAME OR MONOGRAM RUBBER STAMP, WITH PAD AND BRUSH. ALSO WITH 1/2 SIZE A LINEN STRETCHER AND PEN. 100 YEARS' WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION. Price 6d. and 1s. Sold by all Stationers, Chemists and Stores.

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YOU.

7,000 TESTIMONIALS.
I will send a TEST HOROSCOPE comprising seven pages and cover on receipt of 1/- P.O. and 1d. stamp for postage. Simply give date, month, and year of birth—time if known. Mr. Newton Verity, C.A., 58 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

SUCH A BOON!

to thousands of aching feet. They are anatomically correct. Non-Rusting Springs. They are invaluable to those who have much standing, and for heavy people. They cure flat foot. Used and recommended by the Medical Profession.

"ANATOM" ARCH SUPPORTS
In ordering, state size of foot. List of Surgical Appliances free.—ANDERSON & DODDS, Broad St. Corner, B'ham.

NO LANCING OR CUTTING



Required if you use the world-renowned **BURGESS'S LION OINTMENT.**

It has saved many a limb from the knife. Cured others after being given up by Hospitals. The BEST REMEDY for WOUNDS and ALL SKIN DISEASES. A CERTAIN CURE for ULCERS, TUMOURS, ABSCESSSES, ECZEMA, &c.

Sold by all Chemists, 7/6d., 1/11, &c., per box, or post free for P.O. from Proprietor, E. BURGESS, 89 Gray's Inn Road, London. Advice gratis.

LUSTY'S REAL TURTLE EXTRACT

Far superior to the best beef extract. Strongly recommended by the medical profession. See that the package bears "LUSTY" on it. If your grocer does not stock it send 1/- for sample, post free, to (Mention THE QUIVER)

J. LUSTY, 6-8 Parnham Street, London, E.

FARROWS MAKE THE BEST MUSTARD

PETERBORO, ENGLAND.



MR. GEO. R. SIMS

TATCHO'S UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS!

The One Hair-Grower That Has Proved Its Merit.

The Trusty, Honest Hair-Grower — TATCHO.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims' Tatcho is a discovery which thousands of people, in all walks of life, in all parts of the world, and of all ages, have lived to bless and to thank. Thousands who to-day possess fine, lusty, luxuriant heads of hair; whose youthful appearance has been many years prolonged by this happy discovery of the well-known dramatist, journalist, and philanthropist—these are the people who have lived to thank Mr. Geo. R. Sims for a benefit which would otherwise never have been theirs. These people stand to-day an irrefutable, living, pulsating testimony to the virtues of this extraordinary specific TATCHO, the one true, genuine, honest hair-grower.

The word Tatcho means in Romany (of which tongue Mr. Geo. R. Sims, the discoverer of Tatcho, is a master) "trusty," "honest," "true." It has proved happily named.

When your comb and brush begin to cluster with the loosened hairs—

When stray hairs are found on the collar and shoulder, with unsightly sprinklings of dandruff—

That is the time to start using Tatcho, the true, unfailing hair grower, hair-preserver, and hair-beautifier.

For these are the warnings, the danger signals, the sure heralds of acute loss of hair.

Many persons regard these first signs with comparative equanimity, and it is not until baldness or greyness, or straggling, tufty, fluffy hair, or unsightly patches of grey, or an un-

covered scalp appear that they are awakened to the seriousness of the question.

When either of these stages shall have been reached, the restoration of a youthful-looking head of hair must necessarily be prolonged. Tatcho, however, *will* do it.

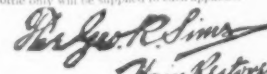
The Tatcho of to-day is the Tatcho which worked wonders in Mr. Geo. R. Sims' case. His signature appears on every bottle to certify to the genuineness of the contents, and the results obtained by Mr. Sims are the results obtained to-day by the hundreds of thousands who owe to Tatcho their plentiful and luxuriant locks.

YOUR OWN CHEMIST

or Store knows and will tell you all about Tatcho and its ally, the new style Tatcho Hair Health Brush, the acme of scientific perfection. Tatcho, the hair-grower, is a bright spirituous liquid, the colour of whisky, free from all grease and smell. It is sold in bottles, bearing the personal guarantee of its discoverer, Mr. Geo. R. Sims, at 1s., 2s., and 4s., the two latter sizes being compounded in double strength. Tatcho's ally, the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush, costs you 2s. If you have any difficulty in obtaining Tatcho, or the Tatcho Hair Health Brush, write to the Chief Chemist, Tatcho Laboratories, 5 Great Queen Street, Kingston, London, W.C.

Special Coupon

The Chief Chemist is hereby authorized to mail, post and packing free, a Specimen Bottle of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' Tatcho to the applicant who sends this coupon to the Tatcho Laboratories with six stamps. One specimen bottle only will be supplied to each applicant.


Mr. Geo. R. Sims
Hair Restorer Co.

QUIVER May '12

THE QUIVER



CARRY IT AT ANY ANGLE IT WON'T LEAK

The Onoto is the fountain pen that keeps itself—and other things——spotless.

Turn it any way and it won't leak. Once in your pocket it becomes a sealed tube. The Onoto writes from the first stroke to last with delightful smoothness and precision, never making a blot. And when empty, there is no messy business with fragile fillers. The Onoto fills itself in a flash from any ink supply. To insure against ink stains on clothes, desk or carpet, get an—

Price 10/6 and upwards at all Stationers, Jewellers, and Stores. Booklet free on application to THOS. DE LA RUE & Co., LTD., 235, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

Ask for ONOTO INK—best for Fountain and all pens

Self-Filling
Safety Fountain **Onoto Pen**

ALEX. LEFEVER (Est. 1842) **226 OLD STREET** (Corner City Road) and **53^A COWPER STREET, LONDON, E.C.**
Furnish at Wholesale Prices direct from Factory.

LARGEST SELECTION!

LATEST
DESIGNS!



FIRST HAND
PRICES!



DINING ROOM SET IN THE Jacobean Style.

Handsome Solid Oak Sideboard, 5 ft. wide, in the Jacobean Style, antique finished: Ditto Gate Leg Dining Table, size 5 ft. by 3 ft. 6 in.; Four Ditto Dining Room Chairs and Two Arm Chairs, with rush or upholstered in Pantesote.

CATALOGUE

with prices and terms **post free** upon receipt of card mentioning THE QUIVER.

Pleasant Changes in the Home

A Page of Suggestions for the Housewife

AMONG the many changes and reforms which tend to lighten the labours and brighten the surroundings of the modern housewife is the substitution of artistic and graceful draperies in casement cloth, lustre, unglazed cretonne, and mercerised repp for the woollen friezes, damasks, and plushettes which used to hang all the year round at the windows of every well-appointed sitting-room.

It may be remarked by some people that the modern fabrics do not look so *handsome* as the old-fashioned ones, but the answer is surely forthcoming that washable materials are far more healthful and bonnie than the heavier draperies, and that pleasant, homely beauty is much to be preferred to ponderous and costly magnificence.

Another point about the modern draperies is that they can so very easily be washed, cleaned, or dyed at home, whereas in years gone by there was nothing for it but to send the hangings away whenever they needed a thorough cleansing. It is now possible to ring the most delightful changes upon the colour of one's window draperies and sofa and chair coverings, and to do this as easily and quickly as if one were merely washing and ironing the things in the ordinary way.

Easy Transformations.

Take, for instance, a room where the window curtains have originally been a pale blue, and have become streaked and faded with exposure to sunlight and dust. One can take down all the hangings and gather together sofa and chair covers, upon some bright, breezy morning, when things will dry quickly, and by early afternoon the room can be transformed into a practically new apartment, with hangings and covers of a pretty soft grey-green tint quite restful to the eye and not at all reminiscent of the faded and streaked affairs so lately subjected to the lather of the wash-tub.

The secret—for of course there must be a secret attached to such a transformation—is the skilful use of a few pennyworths of the famous Drummer dyes, especially prepared with a view to assisting the housewife to do her own cleaning, dyeing, and renovating in the easiest, quickest, and most economical fashion.

Drummer dyes are quite as popular in their own way as are the famous "Dolly" creams produced by the same firm, and used in every up-to-date home laundry. These creams are

designed chiefly for tinting lace curtains, but they are quite as successful for colouring blouses, laces, and ribbons. They impart a really delicate shade of cream that resists the sun, and they also add a pleasant softness to the texture of the articles that are tinted.

Playing with Colours.

It must not be supposed that the Drummer dyes above alluded to are useful only for dyeing curtains, cushion covers, and such-like. That, indeed, is but a very small part of their mission. If employed with taste and discretion, these simple and inexpensive dyes will work marvels upon the wardrobes of the little folks, effecting delightful changes of colour, and making it appear that the stock of clothes is very much larger than it really is. Thus, a little washing frock may be in turn tussore-coloured, blue, green, or dull pink; and hats, blouses, laces, ribbons, and ties can be made to run through the whole range of pretty colours, without being in the very least injured in texture. It should be noted that the Drummer dyes are especially successful when used upon thin washing silks, giving results that are sure to please.

The manufacturers of Drummer dyes are at the present time making a very special offer to readers of this magazine who are desirous of giving the dyes a "real good try."

To those Who Wish to Try.

Any reader sending sixpence in stamps (or postal order) to Messrs. Wm. Edge and Sons, Ltd., Bolton, will receive, by return post, a dozen of the penny dyes—quite sufficient to enable her to make a complete trial of their quality. The colours are guaranteed fast, and the results are quite sure. Fullest directions are given with the dyes, and these instructions will be found most easy to carry out. No expense whatever is involved—and there are no tiresome "processes" to worry the amateur.

The dyes are to be purchased at one penny each from all grocers and stores; but any lady accepting the offer now made—of twelve penny dyes for sixpence—must when writing please send the name of her grocer, or give the address of the store at which she usually deals.

When applying, it will be well to mention THE QUIVER. The writer will thus secure prompt and careful attention to her request.

THE QUIVER



**MELTINGLY SMOOTH
CHARMING FLAVOUR
PERFECT FINISH**

**THE NEW
CHOCOLATE**



BAYLISS, JONES & BAYLISS LTD.
WOLVERHAMPTON & LONDON.
GATES ETC.
CATALOGUES - FREE

Mention this Magazine.

For Rupture and Abdominal Weakness, ABDOMÉ BELT-CORSET

is the Corset with Belt Combined, and affords Perfect Support for **Rupture, Umbilical Hernia, or any Abdominal Complaint, and after Operations.** A lady writes, "I never had anything that gave such comfort and support." Prices from 10/6. Write for list and testimonials to Dept. **Z. H. SCALES & CO., Corset Specialists, Newark-on-Trent, ENGLAND.**



Eucal OXYGEN-ANTISEPTIC DENTIFRICES
POWDER-PASTE-LIQUID

Eucal Dental Preparations have scientific reason for their superiority. They are **not strong acid** preparations that "rot the teeth," but when brushed on cleanse and whiten them by liberating Oxygen (in its more active form of Ozone), **destroys microbes and germ matter, and stops decay.** Eucal dentifrices are **most agreeably fragrant and stimulating,** consequently the care of the Teeth becomes a pleasure, their life is prolonged, and the blessing of health follows.

OBTAINABLE OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES or direct, post free from **Eucal Dentifrice Co. Colbrook Works, BILKINGTON (G), LONDON.**

SAMPLE SET OF EUCAL PREPARATIONS POST FREE FOR 2/6 IN STAMPS

Eucal Tooth Powder in the Patent Sprinkler Box, 6d. & 1/- sizes.

Eucal Tooth Paste comes out flat on the Brush 6d. & 1/- sizes.

Eucal Liquid Dentifrice Cleanses and Exhilarates. In bottles, 1/6 & 2/6

2/- INSURES YOUR COMPLEXION

DR. HARLAN'S BEAUTY-CUP For the FACE, NECK, ARMS and BODY.



"No one who owns this wonderful little Cup need fear wrinkles or blackheads." The simplicity of this scientific system of self-applied massage, and the speed with which it clears the complexion, are almost beyond belief. A single soothing application produces remarkable results. Blackheads in many cases are banished in 60 seconds. It pumps impurities out of the blood by atmospheric pressure, rounds out the cheeks, arms, bust, and neck, and plumps the waste places of the body with wonderful rapidity. Acts directly on the circulation, and feeds fresh pure blood to the tissues, making the flesh firm and fair, and the skin soft and supple. Also makes the eyes bright, clear, and strong. Cup sent by mail in plain wrapper - with **FREE** Book, "Beauty and Health Secrets," of Priceless Value - to any address.

Hundreds of unsolicited testimonials.

Our Special Offer to Readers of "The Quiver."

THIS COUPON REDUCES PRICE 6D.

Regular advertised price **2/1** since 1904, but if you have not tried our Massage, this coupon entitles you to purchase at reduced price of **1/6** (Postage **1d.**, abroad **6d.**). Send P.O. or stamp (no foreign, ad. extra if parcel to be registered, and enclose this Advt.). Call or write **C. J. HARLAN, New Vita Institute, 55-108 Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London.**

(Established 1903.) (Copyright.) Agents wanted.

Pure Milk for Babies

In the Feeding of children a supply of pure milk is of the utmost importance. A young infant is quickly upset by sour or infected milk. The 'Allenburys' Milk Foods are made from perfectly fresh full-cream milk, so modified as to remove the difference between cow's milk and human milk. The method of manufacture absolutely precludes all risk of contamination with noxious germs. A thoroughly effective substitute for the natural food of the child is obtained, and vigorous growth and health are promoted. No diarrhoea or digestive troubles need be feared when the 'Allenburys' Milk Foods are given. The Milk Foods are made in a minute by the addition of hot water only.

The Allenburys' Foods

MILK FOOD No. 1.
From birth to 3 months.

MILK FOOD No. 2.
From 3 to 6 months.

MALTED FOOD No. 3.
From 6 months upwards.

 Pamphlet "INFANT FEEDING and MANAGEMENT," SENT FREE. 

ALLEN & HANBURY Ltd., Lombard St., London.

Another Wonderful Discovery!

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE de LUXE

Delicious beyond description.

Sold to the shops in silver-finished salvers.

THE QUIVER

"The highest attainment
in wall decoration."

Hall's Distemper gives the artistic impulse and is the means of securing beautiful and healthful homes.

This decoration first sterilizes and then combines with the walls to give a surface of velvety finish and great durability. Unlike wall paper, it never fades with sunlight nor changes colour with age.



HALL'S DISTEMPER

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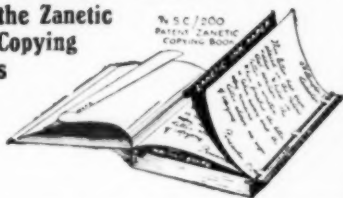
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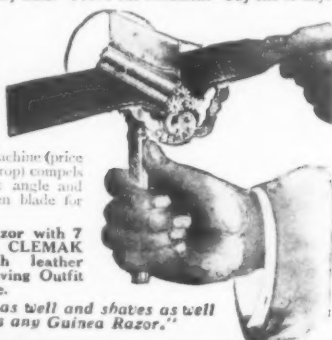
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THE QUIVER

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THE QUIVER

THE LEAGUE OF LOVING HEARTS

This present number is devoted to the cause of Missions in the Foreign Field. We must not, however, forget the causes at home which strongly need our sympathy and support.

In consequence of the Coal Strike a severe strain has been put upon the resources of our Societies, and in order to cope with the demands of the hour additional funds are urgently needed.

Will friends who have not remitted their 1912 subscriptions kindly send?

The following are the amounts received up to March 30, 1912:—

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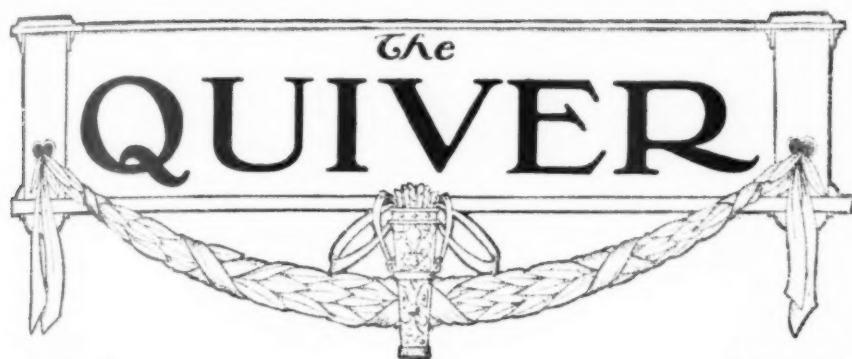
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From the picture by Arch Webb.



VOL. XLVII, No. 7

MAY, 1912

Special Missionary Number

FOREIGN MISSIONS:

CAN WE AFFORD THEM?

A Remarkable Symposium by the Earl of Lytton, Lord Langford, K.C.V.O., Lord Peckover of Wisbech, Bishop Montgomery, the Chaplain-General to the Forces, Mr. F. A. McKenzie, Rev. Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil, Sir William Mackworth Young, K.C.S.I., Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., and others.

Collected by CHARLES T. BATEMAN

THE maintenance and extension of missionary work in foreign lands constitute to-day a great and increasing problem. Recent developments in the Far East—especially in China and Japan—have opened gates bolted and barred for scores of generations. Missionary statesmen recognise possibilities undreamt of by their immediate predecessors. Instead of shutting out the missionary, the awakened East welcomes with open arms the education he can offer. Yet the Church at home hesitates to subscribe the finances. She is not convinced either of the urgency or the practical outcome of forward movements.

We are reminded that whilst the door is now open and may never be shut again in this generation, peculiar elements are manifest at the present time which may presently be obscured, if not entirely obliterated. The

house "swept and garnished" cannot remain empty. Nature, by one of its primary laws, eschews a vacuum. If not Christianity, something else will enter the soul of the awakened East, with the result described in that well-known New Testament passage. Such a contingency is the fear of all missionary leaders, and especially of those acquainted with the densely populated countries of India, China, and Africa. Yet the churches do not seem to appreciate the situation either adequately or with vision.

A common reply to the appeal for the missionary forward policy is the plea that the home Churches are now raising approximately three millions every year to encourage religious efforts in foreign lands, and that the burden cannot be increased. When the indebtedness of the home Churches for

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religious and philanthropic agencies is considered—many people urge—they are not justified in meeting even the present demand for foreign missionary work. On this point I have sought the opinion of many well-known public men, as well as those recognised as missionary leaders.

Lord Lytton

As the first reply to the query, I give that received from the Earl of Lytton, son of a distinguished writer and man of affairs, who, though born in India, returns a negative answer. Quite frankly he says: "I have not any intimate relationship with or interest in Foreign Missions. I have no connection whatever with any Foreign Mission, and think that a great deal too much money is spent every year in their upkeep."

Lord Langford, K.C.V.O.

None of my correspondents knew the contents of Lord Lytton's answer, but in different ways they have met his objection. Lord Langford, for instance, who is a Representative Peer for Ireland, and first served in the Guards between forty and fifty years ago, says emphatically: "The Home Churches are amply justified in contributing all they can get to Foreign Missions. In so doing they are carrying out the Saviour's command. For years the Church of Christ was inactive, and a great many of us are very thankful that the Church has awakened to her responsibility and true position, and has become an active missionary church. In so doing she has grown into a strong position, and is, therefore, a true servant of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Lord Peckover of Wisbech

With much pleasure I give the letter of another peer, written with his own hand, though now in his eighty-second year. Lord Peckover is a well-known member of the Society of Friends, who for more than half a century has been recognised as a philanthropist with wide and catholic sympathies: "I feel strongly," says the noble lord, "the duty of supporting Foreign

Missions, not neglecting those at home. I believe that most of those objecting to Foreign Missions do nothing for homework, and only excuse themselves to save their pockets."

Bishop John Taylor Smith, C.V.O.

For over ten years the Rt. Rev. Taylor Smith has occupied the post of Chaplain-General to the Forces, and seen life in many parts of the world, and especially Africa in his earlier days. For eleven years he was in Sierra Leone, and during that time accompanied the forces as chaplain during the Ashanti Expedition of 1845.

"I find the churches at home which give largely to Foreign Missions are those which also give most liberally to home missions," says the Chaplain-General. "The habits of thought, prayer, and self-sacrifice acquired in the one case produce most fruitful results in the other. I have ever found that the spiritual life of a church at home may be gauged by its contributions to Foreign Missions."

Sir Wm. Mackworth Young, K.C.S.I.

As a high Indian official, who was Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab for five years, having previously held other important posts, Sir Wm. Mackworth Young, K.C.S.I., can speak authoritatively of Foreign Missions.

In reply to my inquiry, he writes:

"No one advocates neglect of the home needs, but those who plead such needs as a reason for restricting Foreign Missions may well be asked to consider the following points:

"The Church of Christ exists for the propagation of His Gospel to the whole



Photo. L. Langford.
LORD LANGFORD.



Photo. L. Taylor Smith.
BISHOP TAYLOR SMITH.



LORD PECKOVER.

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world. It is dangerous to limit its sphere by allowing the home needs to eclipse the rest. As compared with the foreign needs, the home needs, great as they undoubtedly appear to us on the spot, are infinitesimal—weighing soul against soul.

"Do those who argue for restriction of Foreign Missions because of home needs admit the value of the Oriental or African soul, and their claim to the 'good news' which the Christian Church possesses? The religion of Jesus Christ puts it to us: 'Who is my neighbour?' The answer given to His followers must not be a restricted one."

Dr. Eugene Stock

Though Dr. Eugene Stock has retired from the active service of the Church Missionary Society, whose interests he pursued for many years, he has never relinquished his own peculiar and valued services to the missionary cause. He is one of the best authorities on the subject. Dr. Stock writes me:

"The question of Foreign Missions is simply one of the Church's loyalty to her Divine Master. If it is true that a Divine Person came into the world to bless mankind, all mankind ought to hear of so tremendous a fact, and those who know it are bound to tell those who do not. Of course, if no such event occurred, there is no such duty, but then Christianity is a delusion. This is simple common sense.

"The question of cost has nothing to do with the duty. If for any reason Great Britain had to go to war, we should not protest against the necessary cost on the ground of heavy claims at home. We should submit to

heavy taxation and try to fulfil both duties.

"Of course, it is right to see that money is not wasted or misspent. That is another matter, and applies equally to war and to missions. I do not see any sign that professing Christian people are spending less on motor-cars and all sorts of modern luxuries, perfectly legitimate in themselves, but not to be indulged in at the expense of a plain Christian duty."

Dr. Wardlaw Thompson

As a missionary statesman, Dr. Wardlaw Thompson, foreign secretary of the London Missionary Society, deserves, as he receives, unstinted honour by churchmen of every school. He stands as the embodiment of a forward policy in missionary work.

"I have not the slightest difficulty or hesitation in making the general answer," says Dr. Wardlaw Thompson, "that, in my judgment, the British Churches are fully justified in spending £3,000,000 a year on Foreign Missions. I should go further, and say that, if they spent more, they would get more, and much

more rapidly achieve the purpose they are aiming at. When I get beyond this general statement to the reason for it, I feel I might write a pamphlet to give evidence of results of missions—commercially, politically, morally and religiously—which are by themselves to my mind an overwhelming mass of evidence in support of the position I hold. Beyond these, and deeper than these, is the great moral and spiritual reason which I cannot escape from in my views of the Gospel of Christ. Looked at from the lowest point of view, missions far more than pay their cost in the commercial returns which have resulted directly from their influence.

"Socially and politically, there is a mass of evidence to show that missions and missionaries are of immense value everywhere in promoting civilisation and in helping forward peace. This country imagines it is worth while to build several ironclads a year at the cost of nearly two million pounds each,



(Photo: A. and G. Taylor, Edinburgh.)
DR. EUGENE STOCK



(Photo: G. and J. Lamb.)
DR. WARDLAW THOMPSON



MR. F. A. MCKENZIE

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to protect herself from unscrupulous neighbours and to assert her power. The £3,000,000 spent in the cause of reconciliation and peace is cheap for the work that is done. There is testimony of the strongest and most authoritative kind on this subject from a large number of men—not missionaries—responsible for government. Leaving out the direct spiritual influence in saving men and renewing the life and work which is beyond all price, I think the material results of missions may be shown to make the expenditure on them a cheap way of doing a great work."

Mr. F. A. McKenzie,

War correspondent of the *Daily Mail* in the Russo-Japanese War, has given me a valuable opinion on the subject. It is all the more useful because he speaks as a detached and trained observer, with many opportunities of watching behind the scenes in his newspaper work.

"I will reply to your question," said Mr. McKenzie, "by referring to what I have actually seen in Asia and the Far East. China has at length responded to the influences of education and civilisation as the result of what she has witnessed in the self-sacrificing labours of the missionaries. In them she has observed some of the best influences of white civilisation, and their lives and labours have impressed her statesmen and leaders. But for the early work of the missionaries, China would not have opened her arms to Western methods as she is now doing. Quite apart from considerations of the doctrines they teach, missionary operations have proved remunerative and beneficial.

"I have no hesitation in expressing my belief that it does pay the home Churches to expend its money on Foreign Missions. One has only to turn to Korea, for instance, to see what has been accomplished by a

small number of Presbyterian missionaries in Pinyang, where, as the result of self-sacrificing work, they have built up large and prosperous churches. The missionaries have not only preached the truths of Christianity, but lived according to the doctrines they preached. At one time they faced great physical dangers, and though these have been somewhat reduced, yet even now the conditions under which they live at their stations possess elements of discomfort and inconvenience entirely removed from similar work at home."

Brigadier-General G. K. Scott-Moncrieff

I am glad to quote the opinion of a soldier who has had such a distinguished career as General Scott-Moncrieff. Upon an army engineering he is an expert, and is now Director of Fortifications and Works.

"I cannot understand," he says, "how anyone who professes to be a follower of Christ can hesitate to give an answer to this question. The benefits that we, in common with all European nations, have received from the Gospel of Christ are so enormous, so inextricably interwoven with everything that makes our national and domestic

life bright and endurable, that it seems that mere gratitude for this would impel us to do what lies in our power to extend these benefits to others, even if we had not the direct commands of our Master to do so, commands which we have no more right to neglect than we have the right to disregard His orders in other respects. As regards the argument frequently brought forward that there are multitudes of poor around us who have the first claim on our attention, I think the reply of the Master would be: 'These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.' The amount that is now contributed by the Christian Churches out of their wealth to the extension of the Gospel to their fellow men is sadly, terribly,



(Photo: Phillips, Aldershot.)

BRIGADIER-GENERAL K. G. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

FOREIGN MISSIONS: CAN WE AFFORD THEM?

out of proportion to what is spent even on religious luxuries. It can surely be only attributed to two things, one of which is want of faith in the Lord's promises and the truth of His word, and the other is ignorance of the bitter condition of the lives of our fellow-men who are living and dying without the knowledge of Him who is the Light of Life. I feel confident that if we had among us a revival of personal devotion to our Master, and a more intelligent knowledge of the conditions of life in most heathen and Moslem lands, there would be a response to the call for personal consecration of men and of means such as would exceed our most sanguine aspirations."

Mr. G. A. King (Master of the Supreme Court)

Though brief, yet to the point, I am glad to quote the opinion of Mr. G. A. King, the Master of the Supreme Court, who bore such an important share in the organisation of the Pan-Anglican Congress. Mr. King says:

"If it is the duty of the home Churches to maintain their missionary contributions, they must do so, the question as to the amount being immaterial."

Sir Charles Tarring

I have endeavoured to collect the opinion of a variety of men in all stations of life. Sir Charles Tarring served for many years as Chief Justice of Grenada, West Indies, having been previously Professor of Law in the Imperial University of Japan, and fourteen years Assistant Judge, and subsequently Judge of H.B.M. Supreme Consular Court at Constantinople. He is an authority on Eastern law. Since his return home his help has often been requisitioned for religious and philanthropic objects.

"The first and foremost reason," says Sir Charles, "why the home Churches are

justified in contributing so large an amount per year to the upkeep of missions in foreign countries (and would be justified in contributing a much larger amount) is, of course, the command of their Lord Jesus Christ to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to the whole creation. Another reason is the desire that must animate all Christians to rescue their fellow-men of whatever race and colour (whom their Lord has taught them to recognise as brethren) from the misery and cruelty, degradation and ignorance, of heathenism and idolatry and erroneous systems of religion. A third reason is the protection of their own friends and relations, their own race, from degradation. It is a commonplace to speak of the world as growing smaller. But the increasingly effective means of communication between the different parts of the earth are

bringing into clearer view the 'solidarity' of the peoples—the fact that they act and react upon each other, and more or less powerfully affect each other's welfare. The young man goes out to South Africa, say, to make a living or fortune for himself and those who send him out. He, and perhaps his wife and family, are brought into contact, sometimes very closely, with the natives of the land.

That contact is bound strongly to influence his life. If they remain heathens and idolaters, their influence must be lowering and injurious to his and his family's better instincts, ideas and habits. To the extent to which they are raised above their pristine degradation and ignorance are he and his protected from degeneration in contact with them.

The missions sent out by Christian churches are the most powerful agencies in the world for the elevation of the lower races in foreign lands, as well as for the maintenance of settlers in those countries in the higher levels of life.

"I will just add, in one word, that sympathy with the needs of our fellow-men abroad is certain to be accompanied by



(Photo: Russell and Sons.)
MR. G. A. KING.



(Photo: Elliott and Fry.)
SIR DOUGLAS FOX.



(Photo: Russell and Sons.)
SIR CHARLES TARRING.

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sensitiveness to the claims of our fellow-countrymen at home. It is from the Churches who are the source and motive power of philanthropic effort in their own land that the messengers of the Lord Jesus Christ are sent forth into the regions beyond."

Sir Douglas Fox

Writing from Kippington Grange, Sevenoaks, Sir Douglas Fox, one of the most eminent engineers of his time, who has carried out great and important engineering work, speaks emphatically.

"It will surely," he says, "be a matter of surprise to Christian folk to hear that any question is raised as to the duty and responsibility and privilege of the Church to support and encourage Foreign Missions. The command of our Lord is so definite, and the promise of His Presence so closely connected with it, that any drawing back would seem impossible. After more than fifty years' experience of foreign and home missionary work, I have come to the conclusion that it is those Churches and those Christians who most liberally support the work abroad who are to be found in the front rank of usefulness at home."

Prebendary H. E. Fox

For many years Prebendary Fox served the Church Missionary Society as clerical hon. sec., and saw the inner side of missionary management. His opinion is valuable for the reason that it comes from a diligent worker at the home base:

"The only answer which I can offer to your inquiry is to express my profound sense of shame that the Church of Christ in this country shows so slight an appreciation of her Lord's purpose in redemption as to spend six times the amount given for the spread of His Gospel through the world on her own conservation, decoration, and

other religious luxuries. If with the amount given for world evangelisation there be compared the sums spent on smoke, drink, racing, card-playing, and such like self-indulgences in a so-called Christian land, the sense of shame increases to a sense of astonishment at the mercy of Almighty God and the long-suffering which spares our nation."

Sir Archibald Campbell

From one of the most honoured names in Scotland—Sir Archibald Campbell (of Succoth)—I have secured a reply. He expresses the belief that those congregations which do most for foreign mission work will generally also do most for home work. He has been connected for many years with a comparatively small Church of England congregation which has raised in sixteen years for all purposes £37,400, of which £13,600 was for Foreign Missions.

Bishop Montgomery

As a leading representative of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, Bishop Montgomery has shown both independence of action—especially by his participation in the Edinburgh Conference—and consuming zeal for the highest interests of Foreign Missions. To chat with him is like consulting a missionary encyclopædia, so minute and accurate is his knowledge of the subject. If we are to escape from the mere sectarian viewpoint, it is men like the Bishop who will help to lead the way. Strong in character, he is in the confidence of the leaders of

his Church, and yet all the time one of the most modest of missionary secretaries.

"The amount spent," writes the Bishop, "by the United Kingdom in missions is so ludicrously small that I am bound to say I am astonished at the view some people take. If you will compare the amount with that spent on cigarettes and liquor, and golf and theatres and other amusements, I cannot help thinking that you will agree



(Photo: Latayette.)
SIR ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.



(Photo: C. Vandyke.)
PREB. H. E. FOX.



(Photo: Mayne, Putney.)
BISHOP MONTGOMERY.

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with me. Also, all the more when you remember that the cause for which we are working is the cause for which the Church was founded, and if the Church ceases to do that work, it has become a dead Church with no prospect of a long life. This is the universal experience of two thousand years of the Christian faith."

Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B.

The former head of the Criminal Investigation Department for many years knows at least the value of evidence. Sir Robert Anderson possesses, too, well-defined views and says:

"Your inquiry about Foreign Missions reminds me of a remark made by Dr. Chalmers, that 'Foreign Missions act on home missions, not by exhaustion, but by fermentation.' Certain it is that, in the case both of congregations and of individuals, those who give most to Foreign Missions are the most earnest and liberal supporters of Christian work at home. I would urge, moreover, that in such matters we ought to fall into line with the Divine working. And plain facts give proof that, in view of the rapidly developing apostasy of all our Churches, God is turning away from Christendom and opening up new spheres for Gospel testimony in heathen lands. For the recent triumphs of the Gospel in heathendom have no parallel in the records of all the past."

Colonel R. Williams, M.P.

Director of two important banking corporations, and also of the London and South Western Railway Company, Colonel Williams, M.P., can look at the subject from the viewpoint of a keen man of commerce. He writes as follows:

"The question raised in your letter, 'Whether the home Churches are justified in contributing so large an amount per year to the upkeep of missions in foreign countries,' is altogether a mistaken one. It ought to be, 'What is the measure of

self-sacrifice imposed upon all Christians in order to fulfil their responsibilities towards the heathen as regards this message with which they have been entrusted—and how they may fulfil the command that is laid upon them?'"



(Photo: Dover St. Studio.)
COL. R. WILLIAMS, M.P.



(Photo: LaFayette.)
SIR GEORGE MACALPINE.



(Photo: Barnes.)
REV. C. E. WILSON.

Sir George Macalpine

Few laymen undertook a larger share in the preliminary work of the Edinburgh Conference than Sir George Macalpine, who is at the head of great colliery and industrial companies in Lancashire.

"In my judgment," he says, "the answer to your ques-

tion is very simple. The home Churches have no option but to take up the burden of the missionary enterprise, and they ought to do it a great deal more cheerfully than they do. Were they to do this they would find their own

burdens much lighter. There are many sources of obligation: (1) The command of the Master is supreme; (2) the personal obligation to Christ compels the Christian to carry out His will; (3) pity for the moral and spiritual condition of the nations that are lying outside Christianity ought to suffice if there was nothing else."

Rev. C. E. Wilson, B.A.

The secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, the Rev. C. E. Wilson, has himself laboured in the mission field, having worked for many years in India. In reply to the question, he writes:

"1. The missionary income is from a comparatively limited circle of supporters. It is not 'Great Britain's' gift at all. We are accustomed to deplore that half our Church members do not give any regular contributions to missions.

"2. The total amount expended by British supporters of Foreign Missions is very small in comparison with the amount spent in other ways, e.g. tobacco, confectionery,

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alcoholic drink, sports, etc. If every member —i.e. baptised communicant— of our Baptist Churches contributed only one penny per week, or say five shillings per year, our needs for the work in all our fields on the present scale would be more than supplied.

"3. The total missionary debts, though distressing and embarrassing enough to the societies concerned, are really not a very big affair when considered in relation—

"(a) To the whole income and plant involved ;

"(b) To the denominational expenditure at home ;

"(c) To the nation's wealth and expenditure ;

"(d) To the fact that the deficiency represents the total liability at the present time, all past claims having been met, and a large organisation built up.

"4. Missionary contributions are not responsible either for philanthropic debts or the difficulties of religious work at home. The same small circle are, for the most part, *the givers* to both. The reproach for the need is with those who give nothing to missions or philanthropy.

"5. The *Imperial* value of our British missions to non-Christian lands is incalculable. Responsible statesmen and administrators are the witnesses in, e.g., India, Ceylon, Burmah, Straits Settlements, South Seas, Hong Kong and China ; South, East and West Africa, West Indies, etc., both in respect to stability of rule and advance in civilisation and commerce. This nation would be less *wealthy* if it were not for the work and results of Foreign Missions.

"6. The closing of the foreign enterprise of the Churches would be the negation of their Gospel as a world message, and the stifling of their spiritual life. The non-missionary Church is the poorest.

"7. The alternative to an evangelised Asia and Africa is a vast anti-Christian civilisation, before which our European civilisation must be driven back."

Rev. Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil

The late Marquess of Salisbury gave his second son to the Church in the person of the Rev. Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil, who for over twenty years has been Rector of Bishops Hatfield. But he has sought a wider parish than that of the family living,

and, having travelled in China, has made himself an authority on Chinese missions. He speaks, too, with wide knowledge of the foreign work of other churches beside his own. Therefore, I give the opinion of a distinguished member of the Cecil family with peculiar pleasure.

"I think," he says, "considering the vast wealth of England, the sum spent on missions is ridiculously small. The question arises first : Would the wealth of England have accrued if Christianity had never been taught in England ; and arising from this thought comes the question whether we shall be able to maintain Christianity in England, and, therefore, keep the country in a vital condition ? I am certain we shall not maintain it if we show ourselves selfish. Selfish Christianity has no meaning ; the salt indeed has lost its savour.

"If we are to maintain the cause of Christianity, we must take the offensive. We must demonstrate that it is a universal religion by showing that it is equally applicable to other races as to ourselves. I am certain that once we refuse the money to missions on the ground that there is no brotherhood between nations, we shall next refuse money to the English poor on the ground that there is no brotherhood between classes. Then we shall refuse the money to anyone but our family, urging that each man has only a duty to his own blood ; and, lastly, we shall refuse money to anybody but ourselves, on the ground that the only resourceful thing is to be selfish. We shall become a mass of selfish atoms, no doubt individually succeeding in our selfishness, but as a nation disappearing with great rapidity."

Sir Robert Laidlaw

In conclusion I would quote the opinion of Sir Robert Laidlaw, whose important trading interests in the Far East, and his long residence in India as senior partner in the firm of Messrs. Whiteaway, Laidlaw and Co., give him peculiar authority on the matter. He writes :

"Whether or no Foreign Missions should be maintained, I hold is not an open question for any Christian, or for any Christian Church. If the Editor of *THE QUIVER* will consult a little book called *The New Testament*, he will very soon find that this is so."

Craig Gowan's Message

A Story of East and West

By H. HALYBURTON ROSS

Author of "*The Mystery of Ach-na-Goll*," etc.

CHAPTER I

"SELF realisation—that is the highest duty. Man, be thyself."

The minister, Kemp Neilson, laid down his pen, a wry smile contorting his lips. Who was he to preach such things—he, who had never dared to realise himself?

The insignificant Highland manse, in its scattered parish, the physical lameness that his sensitive soul had magnified into a hideous deformity, all the tumultuous doubts and dissatisfactions of his inner nature—these had hindered him from fulfilling the duty that he set so clearly before other men. His very consciousness of the potentialities of existence made his own failure appear more miserable. Only in imagination did he tower into strength.

Now he saw himself a great preacher, kindling his fellows with the power of a revival, till, the subtlety of his abstract mind coming into play, other issues would be revealed, opposing views; and instead of the passionate, single-minded utterance came halting forth the calculating dialectical treatise that left his hearers cold and mystified.

Again, he was the lover, gallant, bold, chivalrous, tender, venturing all for his lady's smile; and the reality—how bleak and meagre it seemed by contrast. Years of silence and repression—not a word or glance to betray the emotions that surged within him. Who in all Craig Gowan dreamed of the little lame minister's passion for Mary Seton?—the girl herself least of all.

The proud humility that had tied his tongue had passed for a cynical indifference with all of them. She, young, beautiful, inheritor of a great name and lordly traditions. He, the son of a crofter, disabled by bodily infirmity and with a spirit handicapped by failure.

In her secret heart Mary had pitied him—a compassion which her generous nature forbade her to betray; hence their intimacy had never advanced beyond conventional limits.

And now, what he had mutely dreaded and foreseen from the beginning had come to pass—she was about to be married.

As his glance wandered round the familiar room he was struck afresh by the futility, the emptiness, of the past, while the thought of the future filled him with dismay. Craig Gowan without her—bereft of even occasional glimpses of her presence! The long, dark winter in the glen—the spring that would bring no promise of her coming. Involuntarily the thin, nervous fingers clenched themselves.

She would be far away, thousands of miles across the ocean, living her bright, brave existence. It was that that had first attracted him to her—her courageous outlook on life, so contrary to his own shrinking attitude.

In India she would have even greater scope for her qualities; as the wife of Robert Clevedon, a judge high up in the Civil Service, influence and power would be multiplied to her.

Something of the glamour, the contagion of living seemed to break suddenly over him as he reflected. Why should not he, too, go forth and live?

Deep down in his heart had always been a yearning for missionary enterprise—only his sensitiveness and lack of confidence had detained him in the little Highland parish. Now all at once those obstacles seemed removed.

In grappling with the abstract Oriental mind he would find a scope for his philosophic talents, wasted hitherto on the simple Highland peasants. And at least he would be in the same country as Mary, able to go to her help in any difficulty or emergency.

A knock on the door, and his housekeeper, Mrs. McTaggart, appeared.

"Your tea?" she interrogated.

Long experience of sodden brews had made her cautious of pouring the boiling water on the leaves before the minister was actually ready.

He turned to her, his pale face illumined.

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"I've been a troublesome master?"

"Och, no; it's juist livin' alone," she retorted, seeing no prophetic significance in his utterance.

As the door closed on her rotund figure he rose and limped to the window.

The view gave straight across the strath. Behind the massive shoulders of Craig Gowan the sun was sinking, and there, among the autumn-tinted woods at its base, he could see the smoke of the castle—her home—rising up into the still air.

How often he had gazed there before! But never with the same emotions as now. The day of repining and inaction was done; a new spirit of resolve seemed to have taken possession of him.

"Man, be thyself."

With a sudden lightening of the heart he turned away. Beyond the purple mountains he had caught a vision of wider horizons, the promise of a more glorious future.

* * * * *

Calcutta was in a ferment.

The undercurrent of conflicting forces, race, class, religion, politics, that simmered beneath the gay life of the capital, had broken forth suddenly in a deed of violence. Anarchy and sedition were no longer rumours—potentialities to be grappled with in the future—they had taken sinister shape, staining red yet another page of Indian history.

The as-assination of the English Commissioner had come as a tragic interruption to the season, while the trial and summary execution of his assailant seemed to doom his successor to an equally perilous tenure of office.

But neither Robert Clevedon nor his wife experienced a qualm of doubt or fear in entering upon their new sphere.

Mary's spirit had risen undaunted to the occasion. The three years that had passed since her marriage had consolidated all the finer attributes of her nature—courage, hopefulness, self-reliance—and never had she felt more full of zest and assurance than in those early days in Calcutta.

The downhearted officials experienced a renewal of confidence in her presence and the social world of the capital rallied round her, heartened and admiring.

She had been receiving callers all the afternoon in the drawing-room of her beautiful Palladian-like house, overlooking the Maidan, and was congratulating herself that the last

had departed, when the soft voice of her chuprassie announced "The Reverend Kemp Neilson."

She turned from the window with an exclamation of surprise and pleasure to greet the little black-coated figure limping up the long room towards her.

"We knew you were here, and hoped you would find us out. It is like a breath of Craig Gowan to see you," she added, as he gazed in silence into her face.

"I often see the sunset there," he replied simply, "and hear the rooks among the Manse elms. Mrs. McTaggart keeps me posted up in local news."

"Yes, she is still at the Manse, I hear," said Mary, smiling. "It must seem very different with children's feet about the house."

A curious expression crossed his face.

"She was always impatient with me for my solitary condition," he retorted.

"But you don't regret it—the life there," said Mary quickly, divining that she had somehow hurt him. "I hear that you have found your *métier* here—that you have a wonderful influence among the students. We always thought your metaphysical talents were wasted at Craig Gowan."

"I understand their difficulties," he replied, "because I have been through them. The fault lies with our system of education. We begin with the University, instead of the elementary school; hence only a few pass in the examinations, and the failures turn their attention to sedition."

At the word Mary's face hardened.

"Sedition, yes," she said. "Well, there is only one way to meet it." Her head went higher.

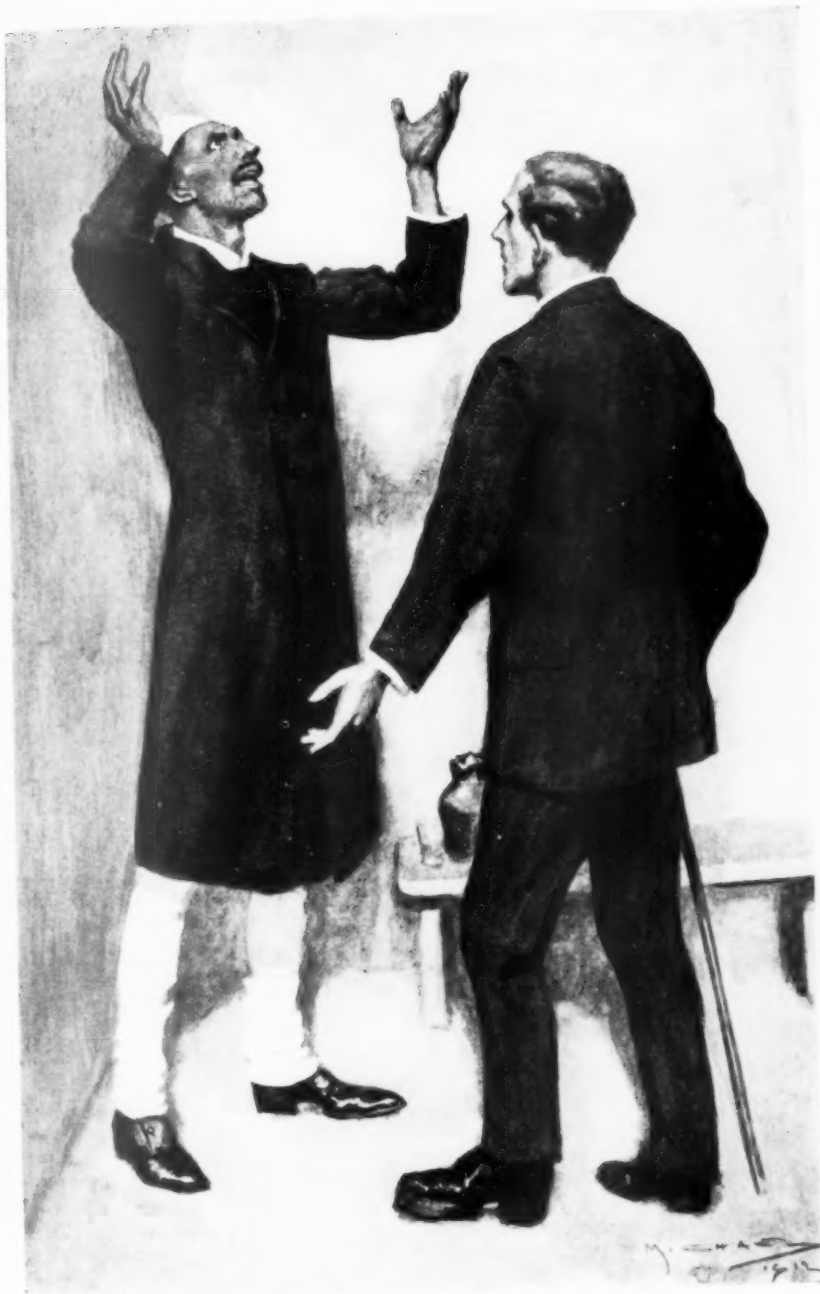
He was silent for a moment, watching her with absorbed, thoughtful eyes. How infinitely attractive she appeared in this new rôle of queenly, independent womanhood! Did she fully realise her power, he wondered—the possibilities within her grasp?

"I should like to have a talk with your husband," he said irrelevantly at last.

She laughed.

"Robert will be delighted to meet you, of course, but you need not hope to influence him. He is one of the most stubborn of men—with him right is right, and wrong is wrong, and must be punished. He makes no allowances."

"And East is East, and West is West,



"Then, by Allah, he shall suffer!" cried the Mohammedan"—p. 650.

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And never the twain shall meet," quoted Kemp significantly.

She stared at him, an incredulous dismay growing in her eyes.

"You—you can't condone such dastardly crimes?"

There was no need to specify to what she was alluding.

He shook his head.

"Not condone. What white man could do that? But understand their limitations. My Celtic imagination has helped me."

She was silent for a moment.

"I suppose there is another side to it," she acknowledged slowly at last. "We English are inclined to be arrogant and self-sufficient. I have often wondered— But Robert has had such long experience of the East, and he—"

"He can be made to realise it too," interrupted the missionary earnestly. "You can reveal it to him. It is for his sake—for your sake I am speaking."

The deep sincerity of his words impressed her. Certainly he had matured in an extraordinary degree since she had seen him last. There was confidence, power, in every utterance; the old, bitter personal note that had seemed to isolate him from his fellows had disappeared; his whole being had expanded.

"I am glad you are here," she exclaimed suddenly. "You must come often and see us, and tell us of your work among the natives."

He bowed in silence. The tribute was more than he had dared to hope for. She was too proud as yet to confess her possible indebtedness to his experience, but at least she was willing to learn, and that alone gave point and meaning to his years of exile.

A few moments later he took his departure. As he walked across the Maidan towards the more populous quarters of the town, his mind was full of her personality. Her development had followed the exact lines he had foretold—only one thing was lacking. Close contact with the practical business mind of the man who was her husband had deadened the power of her imagination, while the very fullness and activity of her new existence left little scope for its expansion.

But there was no reason why it should not be reawakened. She was not as many other English women in India, blinded by racial prejudice and seeking only what she could attain in the way of amusement and self-

gratification out of the country of her exile. Her inherent sense of justice would render such an attitude impossible; besides, was she not a Celt, and with all the Celt's power of seeing visions and dreaming dreams?

The mixed feelings with which he had first heard of Robert Clevedon's appointment to the office so tragically rendered vacant by the assassination of his predecessor had given way temporarily to one of deep satisfaction and rejoicing.

He also had realised a new note of equality in his intercourse with Mary Clevedon that afternoon. One such interview was worth all the miserable, humiliating experiences of the former times. If only he could sustain the high level of comradeship upon which their intimacy had recommenced! If only it might be his part to protect her from disaster!

With a sense of inspired resolve he dedicated himself to the task. How rich and wonderful life had become for him in a moment!

He had reached the narrower streets that led to the missionary settlement, when he was joined by a native in a long frock and little white skull cap.

"Well, Laik Ali?" he interrogated quietly.

The young Mohammedan smiled. Bengali though he was, he had all the signs of breeding of an Arab; his complexion clear and dark, his features regular. There was something of the Arab, too, in his eager demeanour and lack of reserve.

Their conversation from the first was of self-government. With characteristic vehemence the student plunged into the discussion, talking as openly of his hopes and aspirations as if the man beside him had been a Bengali instead of an Englishman.

And with as unprejudiced an ear the missionary listened.

"The minor is about to come of age; he demands participation in the management of his own affairs," Laik Ali exclaimed, in a burst of eloquence. "The English Raj care nothing to-day for the India of the native; their only thought is for what personal advantage they can get out of the country."

As he spoke a carriage and pair flashed past them; its occupant, an Englishman, was leaning back. The two pedestrians had a glimpse of a square-jawed, dogged face and drooping moustache as the vehicle swept by.

CRAIG GOWAN'S MESSAGE

"Cleevedon sahib — the new Commissioner!" muttered Laik Ali, with a shrug. "Colour blind as they all are, he sees only white faces around him—Western civilisation."

"Deeds are better than words, Laik Ali," was the missionary's quiet retort. "Are you and your kind yet fitted for self-government? Divorce India now from England, and she would only become the prey of some other Western power."

The native was silent.

"We are fitting ourselves," he announced resolutely at last. "The first step: election to the legislative council, we have achieved. The second: representation in the English Parliament. The third: a home Parliament of our own on the Colonial system——"

He broke off as Kemp Neilson halted at the gate of the missionary compound.

"I admire your patriotism, Laik Ali," he said quietly. "In the meantime, I recommend you to join my class for sociology and economics on Wednesday evenings."

The Mohammedan's roving dark eyes came back to the other's face.

"If all Englishmen were like you, Neilson sahib," he said significantly, and paused. "Yes, I will come to your class." And, turning on his heel, he moved swiftly back along the street.

CHAPTER II

A NEW era had dawned for Kemp Neilson. The three years of hard work in the Mission Settlement had lifted him above the morbid limitations that formerly hindered his progress, by revealing to him his own powers. With the coming of the Cleevedons a still wider field of possibilities had opened before him.

The figure of the little lame Presbyterian missionary began to be known in official circles. People talked of his magnetic personality, his influence over the students. The insight he had gained into native life and character had in it something of the clairvoyant power of imagination, but was unbiased by sentiment or emotion; hence his opinions carried weight even with the most blind supporters of English rule.

Such a stern, relentless administrator as Robert Cleevedon did not disdain his counsels. The practical nature of the mission-

ary's schemes for the betterment of those attending the University appealed to the Englishman's favourite traditions and beliefs. Himself a son of Oxford, he realised the mysterious advantage that accrues from the spirit of confraternity in the Alma Mater, and the lot of the Indian scholars in their scattered lodgings appeared bleaker and more solitary by contrast.

Kemp's latest scheme was a club house for the students, fitted up on English lines. At first it had been difficult to rouse enthusiasm for the enterprise, but since the Cleevedons' coming money had poured in. A building had been purchased and the opening of the Ilbert Club, as it was named, by the Lieutenant-Governor, promised to be one of the leading functions of the season.

Mary had thrown herself heart and soul into the work. Indeed, it was greatly due to her popularity that the issue had proved so successful. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, the scope of her vision was enlarging under Kemp Neilson's influence. There was an element in their intercourse that she missed in the more stilted society of British officialdom. The little missionary brought his own original concept to bear upon the various problems of Eastern existence, touching them with the vivid colour of romance, though not for a moment disguising the ugly and sinister side of the picture.

A deeper seriousness had been added to her life thereby, but her nature gained from the expansion. Kemp watched the blossoming of imagination and perception under his tutelage with a wistful triumph. It was only through this medium that he could hope to fulfil the task he had set himself in averting the possible menace that overshadowed her life.

As was natural, his adoption by official circles had at first aroused a sense of distrust among his native adherents, but the foundations of their belief in him were too firm to be ultimately shaken. The English teacher who could treat of Christian Apologetics in the light of Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Harnack, and view political exigencies through the spectacles of Marx and Kant, was not likely to fall under the spell of British red tape.

Laik Ali, in his character of privileged disciple, had been the first to hint at the impression; but the reproof Kemp administered was not soon forgotten.

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The young Mohammedan's own sphere of influence was increasing every day. His personal charm, the fire and sincerity of his patriotism, drew a circle of admirers round him—culled not actually from the ranks of the seditious, but from the less educated academical circles. His articles in the Press, too, were attracting attention, and he began to be noted in official quarters as a dangerous person.

Kemp watched his growing popularity uneasily. There was no doubt that power was having an intoxicating effect upon his highly strung, imaginative nature. Where would his misdirected zeal lead him?

At last one day there appeared in the *Hindu Patriot* a seditious libel against the Government, aimed especially at the person of the Commissioner. Kemp was dining with the Clevedons that night, and, as he expected, found his host sternly set on the discovery and punishment of the offender.

"An example must be made," he averred when the servants had retired and he was left alone with his guest.

Kemp looked into the strong, unimaginative face quietly.

"It will be difficult to bring the authorship home to anyone," he said. "There are so many secret ramifications in the Indian Press."

"I have set detectives to work," replied Robert Clevedon.

A silence followed his words, broken only by the soft swish of the punkahs at the farther end of the long room.

"Your predecessor was equally unyielding," said the missionary at last, taking a walnut from the plate in front of him and cracking it thoughtfully. "He gave an unusually hard sentence—three months—for just such a libel as this, and—" He broke off.

The eyes of the two men met. The steady, imperturbable grey ones of the Englishman—the sunken, dreamy eyes of the Celt. In that moment the minds of both men were visualising the alternative that Kemp had left unuttered, and strangely too the aspect that was uppermost in each of their thoughts was its consequences on the life of the slender girl-woman who had just left them.

"I shall give six months," said Robert Clevedon then. His voice had the coldness of implacable resolve.

For once Kemp realised that his influence

would be of no avail. But what he could not achieve by direct persuasion might be wrought by indirect means; circumstances, too, might come to his aid. The offender was not yet discovered. In any case, his habitual restraint and experience taught him not to despair; he would await events.

A few moments later he left his host and retired to the drawing-room in search of Mary.

She was seated beneath one of the electric lamps in a corner of the softly shaded room, reading a paper which she laid down at sight of him.

"You have been discussing this canard with my husband," she said, pointing contemptuously at the discarded journal.

Kemp seated himself on a corner of the Chesterfield opposite her.

"Yes," he assented laconically.

"He is very determined in his course of action," she added.

In spite of the decisiveness of the words there was a note of interrogation in her voice that was not lost upon her listener.

"His policy is the same as his predecessor's," remarked Kemp quietly.

She flushed.

"Would you see him intimidated?"

The defiant child look had appeared in her uplifted face.

"I would have him realise the element of ignorance in the case," returned the missionary. "The whole thing is the work of a petty intelligence, inspired by unreasoning spite and jealousy."

Mary was silent for a moment.

"But if it went unnoticed people would say that Robert was afraid to take action on account of—" She broke off.

Kemp smiled.

"If a man's own conscience acquits him, the world's opinion doesn't matter much. Your husband's courage is not likely to be called in question."

A gleam of pride and triumph had appeared in her eyes as he spoke.

"Yes, he is the bravest man I know," she said softly. "It was that that first attracted me to him, I think—courage has always seemed to me the most essential attribute in a man—of every sort, I mean, moral as well as physical," she added hastily, as she saw a quiver pass over the missionary's pale sensitive face.

CRAIG GOWAN'S MESSAGE

He smiled—the wry, half-bitter smile of old days.

"I endorse every word," he said, and there was a strange new harshness in his voice. "Cowardice is at the root of all the vices. I was the slave of it for years. Yes," raising his hand as Mary was about to break forth into expostulation, "it is as well for you to know. I feared not one thing, but everything—the whole of life, myself most of all; and I paid the penalty. Think of the starved, miserable thing my existence was at Craig Gowan. Look back on your own memories of me then—your pity for the little lame minister, with the repellent manner and the bitter tongue."

His eyes were turned to her as he finished, challenging her sincerity, and for very shame she dare not deny the truth of what he had said.

"But it is different now. You have proved your true self," she cried, a bright flush mantling her cheeks; then broke off as her husband appeared suddenly between the curtains at the farther end of the room.

There was a curious calm and detachment in his manner as he approached them, the Englishman's cloak for excitement.

"Well, we have got our man," he said, drawing up a chair and sinking nonchalantly into it. "I have just had a report from Mitchell, the head detective. The fellow is safely lodged in gaol."

The flush had faded from Mary's face as he was speaking; her expression seemed to have hardened suddenly.

"Who is he?" she inquired with an indifference that matched his own.

"Laik Ali," said the Commissioner; "a protégé of yours, I believe," turning to Kemp with a twinkle in his eyes.

The missionary had risen.

"Believe me, sir, there has been some mistake," he said quietly. "I know Laik Ali well. He is an enthusiast and hot-head; but he is as incapable of writing that slander as you or I."

Robert Clevedon's face was inscrutable.

"Let him prove it then," he asserted. "They have found the original MS. type-written, but with Laik Ali's own signature."

"A forgery," muttered Kemp. Then, in a different tone: "I should like an order for the prison, sir," he said; "the sooner this mystery is cleared up the better."

The Commissioner shrugged.

"In your religious capacity, Neilson, I cannot refuse you, but I confess I fail to see what good you can do."

He rose and led the way from the room as he spoke.

Kemp lingered for a moment to say farewell to his hostess.

"You were very lenient with me a moment ago," he said in a low, compunctious tone. "I had no right to thrust my personal affairs upon you. Forgive me," and he was gone before she could utter a word in reply.

A knot of Laik Ali's supporters were gathered outside the gate of the native prison as he alighted there from his ticca gharry a short time later.

At sight of him their discontent took audible shape. Threats and maledictions were hurled at the Government, and especially at the instruments of British rule in Calcutta.

"Let Clevedon sahib perish if he does this thing," muttered one of their number, a low caste Aryan with narrow retreating forehead, overhanging eyebrows, and coarse features.

Kemp turned on the speaker contemptuously.

"Were you, then, among Ahmed Khan's accomplices, Salar Jung?" he queried. "A friend of murderers and cut-throats?"

The insinuation had a magical effect. Ahmed Khan, the assassin of the late Commissioner, was a member of one of the lowest Hindu castes, and association with him would mean inevitable disgrace.

Salar Jung's vociferous denials of the charge followed the missionary into the prison compound, and were the last sounds he heard as the gate clanged behind him.

His interview with Laik Ali was even more discouraging than he had anticipated. The young Mohammedan had worked himself into a state of frenzy bordering on madness. The injustice of the charge and the degradation of his confinement acted like a flail on his proud spirit. All the finer aspects of his patriotism were perverted temporarily into a bitter personal channel. In his present mood he was little better than his renegade followers outside.

Every moment Kemp became more convinced of his innocence.

"Jemal ed Din, the sub-editor of the *Hindu Prakash*, is my enemy. It is he who has

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done this thing," he cried in answer to the missionary's inquiry as to whether he suspected anyone of a personal grudge against him. "My articles in the *Patriot* attract attention when his fall to the ground. He has forged my name to bring disgrace upon me."

"If that is true we can surely convict him of the charge," said Kemp hopefully.

"But my release—that can be arranged at once?" went on Laik Ali eagerly. "You will see Cleevedon sahib and explain. He will listen to you."

"The Commissioner cannot interfere with the course of the law," returned Kemp resolutely. "This is a political offence; he would be accused of favouritism if he released you without a trial."

"Then, by Allah, he shall suffer!" cried the Mohammedan, flinging his hands above his head, his long supple body contorted with passion.

In vain did the other seek to mollify him; his inflamed imagination would see no other issue in the case but his own degradation.

It was with a heavy heart that Kemp finally left him and returned to his own quarters.

The day had been one of conflicting doubt and anxiety, but through all the darkness and perplexity he seemed to hear the inspired tones of Mary Cleevedon's voice speaking words of courage and enthusiasm. He did not for a moment regret his confession to her. Whatever the past had been, she would judge him by his present actions, and who could tell what the future might hold in the way of opportunity?

* * * * *

By an unfortunate coincidence, the trial of Laik Ali fell on the same day as the opening of the Ilbert Club by the Lieutenant-Governor.

Kemp Neilson had spent the afternoon in the High Courts, listening to the voices of the black pleaders, for the young Mohammedan had resolutely refused to be defended by a white counsel, and every moment the sense of fatality had descended lower on the minister's spirits.

The days that had elapsed since Laik Ali's arrest had been a period of trouble and anxiety for him. On one side his conviction of the prisoner's innocence; on the other his inability to prove the truth, or to influ-

ence the Commissioner to a more reasonable view of the offence.

The finding of the Court was a foregone conclusion—no evidence could be produced that would free Laik Ali from the charge, or throw suspicion upon any unknown person. It depended on the judge whether the sentence was a nominal one or in just ratio with the crime.

As he looked into Robert Cleevedon's stern, immutable face, Kemp had read the futility of his hopes. The calmly uttered words of condemnation, falling upon the silence of the court at the conclusion of the trial, had had an inevitable sound for his ears.

"Six months' imprisonment."

So too had the fiery stream of invective with which the prisoner received his sentence—the uproar at the back of the court where a body of Laik Ali's supporters had gathered—the still more ominous hush that fell upon them as the tall, rigid figure of the young Mohammedan was hurried from the dock.

With a sense of dread Kemp looked forward to the coming function in the Ilbert Club, which otherwise he would have regarded as the crowning triumph of his labours in the East. If only Robert Cleevedon could be persuaded to absent himself!

But the futility of even suggesting such a course of action to the Commissioner was patent to him. However hostile the ovation he received, he would come and do his part.

Mary, too. The thought of her seemed to put Kemp's fears to shame. There would be no flinching on her part, he knew. He had realised from her frame of mind during those days her preparedness for any emergency, and the conviction helped to sustain him throughout the hours of suspense that intervened between the trial and the later ceremony.

By the time the evening came he had so far conquered his forebodings as to appear calm and unconcerned.

The square central hall of the club was filled with students of every class and shade of thought—old and young pundits and mulvis, moderates, reactionaries, Brahmins, Hindus, Christians. A platform had been erected at one end of the hall for the opening ceremony, and on this Kemp received the various personages invited to take part in it. It was a strange, cosmopolitan assem-



"Kemp had fallen back into the Commissioner's arms"—p. 652.

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blage; for once East and West seemed to have met on equal grounds; racial differences were forgotten in the appreciation of a common object.

The arrival of the Lieutenant-Governor was the signal for an outburst of applause, which changed to a demonstration of a very different order as Robert Cleevedon took his place by his side.

To Kemp's ears the low hissing sound that greeted his appearance had in it all the menace of that most typically Eastern peril—the serpent's attack. But to judge by the Commissioner's expression as he coolly tugged at his moustache, he might not have heard the sinister welcome.

Kemp, who was welcoming Mary in the background, saw a bright flush spring into her face at the sound; her eyes met his disdainfully. Never had she appeared more radiant or beautiful than in that moment.

His gaze fell to a knot of white heather at the breast of her creamy dress.

"Craig Gowan's message," he said.

"And blessing," she added with a smile.

A sudden sense of transfiguration overcame him. He was back in the little Manse study at Craig Gowan, with the sunset glow in his eyes, but now the vision of the future was realised . . . this was the moment he had foreseen. . . .

The Governor's speech was a lengthy and diplomatic oration. It dealt suavely with the question of Eastern education—the brotherhood of the races. Disaffection, sedition, conspiracy, appeared impracticable theories to his hearers.

From his place by the Commissioner's side Kemp listened as in a dream. His subconscious attention seemed to be focused on a little group to the left of the hall, where a green *chic* waved with the breeze from the courtyard without.

Salar Jung's dark, evil face stood out from

the group, sullen and unresponsive, giving the lie to the smooth phrases.

At last the speech was ended. With all due formality and ceremony the Ilbert Club had been declared open.

Shouting and cheers filled the hall as the Governor reseated himself. There was an instant's pause before Robert Cleevedon rose to his feet.

Somebody else had risen too. In that far corner Kemp noted a sudden movement. Salar Jung had started up with outstretched hand, something clutched in his brown fingers.

With a little cry of realisation the missionary leapt forward, thrusting himself in front of Robert Cleevedon's rigid, erect figure.

There was a report, a flash—a sudden disturbance on the platform.

Kemp had fallen back into the Commissioner's arms.

* * * * *

In one of the ante-rooms where they had borne him, Mary Cleevedon bent over his couch. The knot of heather at her breast was very near his face. He opened his eyes and smiled as they fell upon it.

"Craig Gowan's message," he murmured.

She broke off several of the stems and laid them between his cold fingers.

"And blessing for the bravest of the brave," she said in a low, strangled voice.

An expression of triumph illumined his face.

"Your husband?" he murmured.

"He is safe; and you—" She broke off.

"I—am the most blest of men." He smiled again. "The vision—purple and gold in the west—" His senses were wandering. "The sunset—Craig—Gowan—"

Thus did Kemp Neilson realise his highest self.





THE "SEVEN SACRED STEPS."

Marriage in India by Mrs. F. A. Steel

(Illustrated by A. E. JACKSON)

Besides, since to the Indian woman, *en masse*, there are no other festivities, no christenings, no tea-fights, no tennis parties, bazaars or charitable fêtes, a wedding is a precious distraction not to be dismissed under a fortnight or three weeks. Thus the ceremonials are legion, and as they vary almost with every village, and certainly with every province, to say nothing of *gôt*, caste, or tribe, it is difficult to give any set description of them.

EVEN in England a wedding in a house upsets it utterly. Were mankind, indeed, given their choice between it and a spring cleaning, nine out of ten would plump for the latter. No stair-carpet is preferable to one strewn with rice and confetti, and a splash of whitewash on your best coat is less noticeable to the curious crowd than a huge white bouquet tied with satin ribbon!

Now if this be the case in a country in which all the preliminaries of marriage are settled by the young people themselves, and papa and mamma have only to keep quiet and pay the bills, what must it not be in India, where the bride and bridegroom are often babies, and every conceivable sort of ceremonial and cantrip has to be gone through in order to bring luck to the young couple during the perilous years of childhood which must elapse before they can really become man and wife! Perilous years, indeed; especially to the bride, with virgin widowhood ready to clutch her by the hand and drag her away to drudgery and degradation.

The Horrors of Infant Marriage

Those of Bengal, for instance, where what is called "the woman's law" is paramount, would take volumes even for simple cataloguing; and the most part of them would need Bowdlerising for English ears. For, curiously enough, it is amongst the very people who are now claiming the civilisation of full political rights that we find infant marriage, with all its horrors, all its indecencies, pushed to its extreme limit.

"Physician, heal thyself," is an old adage. I could wish that every seditious article, couched as they are so often in the most elevated language, and appealing to the most elevated sentiments, were backed by a true and faithful account of the ceremonies observed at the last wedding in the writer's household. It would do more to enlighten the average Englishman and Englishwoman as to the true state of affairs than pages of print or æons of argument.

So we will leave Bengal alone, and go straight to the fountain head of Aryan civilisation in the Punjab, not forgetting that we shall have to make a side-walking

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to see what happens in Mohammedan households also.

Varied Forms of Marriage

And then there are so many forms of marriage! Eight nuptial knots amongst the Hindus, and at least five amongst the Mohammedans. All more or less binding, that called familiarly "the kicking-strap" being the least stringent one of the lot!

Despite these variations, however, there are one or two constant factors in an Indian marriage. One is the colour of the bride's dress, and another is the sending of a platter of dates from the bridegroom's house to the bride's, as a signal that all preliminaries have been satisfactorily arranged. And these are many, the price to be paid for the bride being, it is to be feared, one of the most important, though in the law courts it is decorously hidden under the vague term "necessary expenses."

The Bride's Dress

The bride's dress is scarlet—scarlet and gold—and very attractive the dark faces look, seen through the fine muslin or net that inswathes them. The women take endless trouble over a bride's appearance, and make regular ceremonials out of the blacking of her eyelashes and eyebrows, the bathing of her body in turmeric to give it the fashionable yellow tint, and the dyeing of her hands and feet with henna.

On the eventful day, they pronounce her to be "beautiful as a full moon, symmetrical as a cart-wheel, graceful as a young goose." So, scented, bejewelled, hung in many cases with a veil of flowers formed like the Japanese bead fringe screens with threaded jasmine blossoms, she sits sedately awaiting the bridegroom whom she is supposed never to have seen. That this is often so is unfortunately true; but when, as is nearly always the case in Northern

India, betrothal is delayed till the girl is ten, twelve, or even fourteen, it is seldom that she has not had more than one peep at him.

The bridegroom, attired in the finest clothes, not always his own, since the possession of one really rich coatée is sometimes held sufficient for a whole family of boys, appears early in the day and very often wears a sort of silver crown formed of an embossed triptych representing the loves of Durga and Siva. This is bound over the high turban and has a fringe of silver plaques like little spoon-baits which droop over the eyes and are supposed to lend illusion to the first sight at each other of the young people! It must certainly prevent him from seeing clearly; which, perhaps, is the object in view!

The Four Essentials

So, through the livelong day, one ceremonial follows another. Of these, four are considered essential: the "Gift of the Bride" by her father and her acceptance by the bridegroom's father; the "Taking of the Hand"; the "Seven Sacred Steps"; and the "Mead Mixture." It is impossible to say which of these answers to our solemn giving of the ring and makes a marriage irrevocable. In primitive times, doubtless, the joining of hands and the pouring of water over them in libation was sufficient; but culture has added the seven steps, and made the original tribal feast inaugurating the girl's admission to a new family, into a religious observance.

Seven Steps of Friendship

Taking it all in all, however, those Seven Steps of Friendship round the Sacrificial Fire may be considered

the culminating point, inasmuch as they are certainly the most dramatic of the various observances. In many cases the fire is one which has never been allowed to go out by the family. It has been religiously pre-



"LOCKED IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS
THEY SIMPLY HOWL!"

MARRIAGE IN INDIA

served perhaps for long centuries, and has lit every bridal altar, every funeral pyre, every sacrifice for the dead or the living. It is placed in a flower-decked fire-holder in the centre of the room or courtyard. Taking the bride's hand, the groom leads her round it in seven steps. With the first he calls on the Creator to listen. With the second he begins his confession of faith:

2. "By taking seven steps with me, do thou, O bride, become my friend!"

3. "Yea! by taking these seven steps we become friends!"

4. "I shall become thy friend!"

5. "I shall never give up thy friendship!"

6. "Do thou never give up my friendship!"

7. "Let us live together and take counsel one of another!"

After this there is nothing of moment save the ceremonious eating from one dish, and this is more a matter for laughter, since both parties pretend to be shy and, with averted faces, offer tempting morsels to the other's ear.

The Misery of Sleepless Nights

Then come, in the course of the next few days, innumerable flittings to the bridegroom's house, back again, sleepless nights spent in answering silly riddles or watching the fire-balloons sail away in the purple pall of the night to form a new constellation east or west, or south or north, while the *tom-toms* throb monotonously, and every now and again the unearthly blare of a conch seems to rend the veil of darkness. Ph'oom! Ph'oom! T'oom! go the detonators. Over the distant city a fountain of sparks shows for a second, or silently a fizzling rocket scales high heaven, to fall back again, discomfited, in a shower of stars.

From half a dozen quarters of the town comes the same din, and with it the consciousness of unheard women's voices whispering, tattling, tittering—for it is Basant, the time of spring, the time of wedding.

There is no more to be said. The weary, wakeful Western must just turn on his sleepless pillow and content himself with thinking of other wearied-out mortals—of poor little brides and bridegrooms nodding under veils and crowns, yawning over invocations, drooping with sleep while mothers and sisters, and cousins and aunts, play cantrips on them, and feeling sick and

miserable and bilious by reason of all the sweetmeats and scents with which they have been deluged!

But a better time is coming! Before long, a year or two at most in Northern



"AND, HEY PRESTO! BEFORE ANYONE COULD SAY NO, THERE WAS THE MARRIAGE GARLAND ROUND THE NECK OF THE CLAY CARICATURE"—A. 656.

India, the bridegroom will play more of a man's part than he is doing now. If he is of the village, he may appear at the head of a bevy of young bloods to enact a pretended carrying off of the bride, and even if he be of the town he will bring an empty *dhuli* along with him into which she will step—of course, with tears. For this is part of the etiquette, and everyone who has lived in India must, many a time, have seen at the parting of ways the half-ceremonious, half-real farewells of mother and daughter.

So far has one woman's love sufficed for the other. So far through life have they gone hand in hand. Now a third person has come between them and, locked in each other's arms, they simply howl! The blue

THE QUIVER

roller—most incessant chatterer amongst birds—flies shrieking from the tree beneath which they stand, while the attendant processions await decorously until, the ululations ceasing, they may go on their respective ways.

The very jackals in the sugar brakes pause to listen perturbed, uncertain of future pre-eminence in howls.

"Ya, yow, yow! Oh! my heart's darling."

"Ye, yeo, yow! Oh! my mummy."

At last decorum is satisfied, and, with not a few natural tears, the bride goes to her new home followed by the memory of a perfect human love, the mother returns to the old one followed by a whole world of regrets for past childhood.

East or West, weddings are the same so far.

Amongst the Mohammedans

But the variety of ceremony in Indian ones is almost incredible. For instance, amongst the Mohammedans a regular Kāzi, or religious lawyer, is necessary—where he is available—to tie the knot.

But if by reason of distance it becomes impossible for the whole bridal party to go to the Kazi, or for the Kāzi to come to it, an empty water-skin is sent to the official's house. Into this he solemnly repeats the marriage benediction. The opening of the *mussuck* is then tied up carefully with string and not opened until the crucial moment when the contents are duly emitted in the face of the bride and bridegroom, who are thus supposed to be as legally united as if the voice had breathed over Eden and not out of a skin bag.

Marriage by phonograph is simply not in it!

If it be asked whether these Indian marriages—in which the parties thereto are, as it were, shaken up together and drawn out by lot—are happy or not, the answer must be that they are at least as happy as marriages which are settled in Western fashion by individual choice.

The Story of Princess Fortunate

Perhaps a combination of the two systems might bring perfection. Such seems to have been the old Aryan *Swayambhara*, or maiden's choice, where the parents having selected a certain number of suitable applicants for their daughter's hand, she was allowed to exercise her full choice amongst the number, and sometimes even beyond them. At least the story of Princess Sanjogāta's choice, without which no consideration of Indian marriages would be complete, shows small trace of coercion.

Briefly, the Princess Fortunate (that is a literal translation of her name) had a cousin, Prithvi Rāj, who ought to have been first favourite for her hand, for he was the *preux chevalier* of India, and dear to the heart of every Rajput maiden. But her father had quarrelled with him, said he was a wicked, bold, bad young man, and not only refused to ask him to the self-choice, but actually put a miserable clay caricature of him to keep the door—a miserable menial occupation, and calculated to bring on him the contempt he deserved. Whereat the princess smiled serenely, and said she was satisfied. But lo! and behold, when she appeared, the marriage garland in her hand, which she was to throw like a yoke over the happy man, she paced round the circle of princes sedately, and yet round once more; and then, as sedately, her dainty little feet passed to the door and, hey presto! before anyone could say no, there was the marriage garland round the neck of the clay caricature!

Of course, Prince Prithvi heard of it, and claimed his bride at the sword's point.

Has it not all been written in rhyme, and do not small Rajput maidens sing of it still as they sit cuddled round smoky fires of winter nights?—aye! and think of Prithvi Rāj, too, as, like any other maidens all over the world, they pull flower petals and say, "He loves me—he loves me not."

For all over the world true marriage is the same.





CHILDREN OF THE WILD

- [E] -

BY
CHARLES
G.D.ROBERTS

- [E] -

~ DRAWINGS ~ BY ~
WARWICK REYNOLDS

The first of a New Series of Nature Stories by this Celebrated Author

I—THE SNOW-HOUSE BABY

THERE had been a film of glass-clear ice that morning all round the shores of Silverwater. It had melted as the sun climbed high into the bland October blue; but in the air remained, even at midday, a crispness, a tang, which set the Child's blood tingling. He drew the spicy breath of the spruce-forests as deep as possible into his little lungs, and outraged the solemn silences with shouts and squeals of sheer ecstasy, which Uncle Andy had not the heart to suppress. Then, all at once, he remembered what the thrilling air, the gold and scarlet of the trees, the fairy ice-films, the whirr of the partridge wings, and the sharp cries of the blue-jays all meant. It meant that soon Uncle Andy would take him back to town, the cabin under the hemlock would be boarded up, Bill the Guide would go off to the lumber-camps beyond the Ottanooosis, and Silverwater would be left to the snow and the solitude of winter. His heart tightened with homesickness. Yet, after all, he reflected, during the months of cold his beloved Silverwater would be none too friendly a place, especially to such of the little furred and feathered folk as were bold enough to linger about its shores. He shivered as he thought of the difference winter must make to all the children of the wild.

"Why so solemn all of a sudden?" asked Uncle Andy, eyeing him suspiciously. "I thought a minute ago you'd take the whole roof off the forest an' scare the old bull moose across the lake into shedding his new antlers."

"I was just thinking," answered the Child.

"And does it hurt?" inquired Uncle Andy politely.

But young as he was, the Child had learned to ignore sarcasm—especially Uncle Andy's, which he seldom understood.

"I was just wondering," he replied, shaking his head thoughtfully, "what the young ones of all the wild creatures would do in the winter to keep warm. Bill says they all go to sleep. But I don't see how *that* keeps them warm, Uncle Andy."

"Oh, Bill!" remarked Uncle Andy, in a tone which stripped all Bill's statements of the last shreds of authority. "But, as a matter of fact, there *aren't* many youngsters around in the woods in winter—not enough for you to be looking so solemn about. They're mostly born early enough in spring and summer to be pretty well grown up by the time winter comes on them."

"Gee!" murmured the Child enviously.

"I wish I could get grown up as quick as that."

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Uncle Andy snuffed.

"There are lots of people besides you," said he, "that don't know when they're well off. But," he continued, seating himself on Bill's chopping log, and meditatively cleaning out his pipe bowl with a bit of chip, "there *are* some youngsters who have a fashion of getting themselves born right in the worst of the cold weather—and that not here in Silverwater neither, but away up north, where weather is weather, let me tell you—where it gets so cold that if you were foolish enough to cry the tears would all freeze instantly, till your eyes were shut up in a regular ice jam."

"I wouldn't cry," declared the Child.

"No? But I don't want you to interrupt me any more."

"Of course not," said the Child politely. Uncle Andy eyed him searchingly, and then decided to go on.

"Away up north," he began abruptly—and paused to light his pipe—"away up north, as I was saying, it was just mid-winter. It was also midnight—which, in those latitudes, is another way of saying the same thing. The land, as far as eye could see in every direction, was flat, dead-white, and smooth as a table, except for the long curving windrows into which the hard snow had been licked up by weeks of screaming wind. Just now the wind was still. The sky was like black steel sown with diamonds, and the stars seemed to snap under the terrific cold. Suddenly, their bitter sparkle faded, and a delicate pale green glow spread itself, opening like a fan, till it covered half the heavens. Almost immediately the centre of the base of the fan rolled itself up, till the strange light became an arch of intense radiance, the green tint shifting rapidly to blue-white, violet, gold, and cherry rose. A moment more and the still arch broke up into an incalculable array of upright spears of light, pointing towards the zenith, and dancing swiftly from side to side with a thin, mysterious rustle. They danced so for some minutes, ever changing colour, till suddenly they all melted back into the fan-shaped glow. And the glow remained, throbbing softly as if breathless, uncertain whether to die away or to go through the whole performance again."

"I know——" began the Child, but checked himself at once with a deprecating glance of apology.

"Except for the dancing wonder of the light," continued Uncle Andy, graciously pretending not to hear the interruption, "nothing stirred in all that emptiness of naked space. Of life there was not the least sign anywhere. This appeared the very home of death and intolerable cold. Yet at one spot, between two little, almost indistinguishable ridges of snow, might have been noticed a tiny wisp of vapour. If one had put his face down close to the snow, so that the vapour came between his eyes and the light, he would have made it out quite distinctly. And it would have certainly seemed very puzzling that anything like steam should be coming up out of that iron-bound expanse."

Now the Child had once seen, in the depth of winter, a wreath of mist arising from the snowy rim of an open spring; and for the life of him he could not hold his tongue.

"It was a boiling spring," he blurted out.

Uncle Andy gazed at him for some seconds in a disconcerting silence, till the Child felt himself no bigger than a minute.

"It was a bear," he announced at length coldly. Then he was silent again.

And the Child, mortified at having made such a bad guess, was silent too, in spite of his pangs of curiosity at this startling assertion.

"You see," went on Uncle Andy, after he was satisfied that the Child was not going to interrupt again, at least for the moment, "you see, under those two ridges of frozen snow there was a little cavern-like crevice in the rock. It was sheltered perfectly from those terrific winds which sometimes, for days together, would drive screaming over the levels. And in this crevice, at the first heavy snowfall, a big white bear had curled herself up to sleep.

"She had had a good hunting season, with plenty of seals and salmon to eat, and she was fat and comfortable. Though very drowsy, she did not go quite to sleep at once; but for several days, in a dreamy half-doze, she kept from time to time turning about and rearranging her bed. All the time the snow was piling down into the crevice, till at last it was level full and firmly packed. And in the meantime the old bear, in her sleepy turnings, had managed to make herself a sort of snow-house—decidedly narrow, indeed, but wonderfully

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snug in its way. There was no room to take exercise, of course, but that, after all, was about the last thing she was thinking of. A day or two more, and she was too fast asleep to do anything but breathe.

"The winter deepened, and storm after storm scourged the naked plain; and the snow fell endlessly, till the snow-house was buried away fairly out of remembrance. The savage cold swept down noiselessly from outer space, till, if there had been any such things as thermometers up there, the mercury would have been frozen hard as steel and the thin spirit to a sticky, ropy syrup. But even such cold as that could not get down to the hidden snow-house where the old bear lay so sound asleep."

The Child wagged his head wistfully at the picture, and then cheered himself with the resolve to build just such a snow-house in

the backyard that winter—if only there should fall enough snow. But he managed to hold his tongue about it.

"Just about the middle of the winter," went on Uncle Andy, after a pause to see if the Child was going to interrupt him again, "the old bear began to stir a little. She grumbled, and whimpered, and seemed to be having uneasy dreams for a day or two. At last she half woke up—or perhaps a little more than half. Then a little furry cub was born to her. She was just about wide enough awake to tell him how glad she was to see him and have him with her, and to lick him tenderly for a while, and to get him nursing comfortably. When she had quite satisfied herself that he was a cub to do her credit, she dozed off to sleep again without any anxiety whatever. You see, there was not the least chance of his being stolen, or fall-



"She was just about wide awake enough to tell him how glad she was to see him, and to lick him tenderly for a while."

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ing down stairs, or getting into any mischief whatever. And that was where she had a great advantage over lots of mothers whom we could think of if we tried."

"But what made the steam, Uncle Andy?" broke in the Child, somewhat irrelevantly. He had a way, sometimes rather exasperating to the narrator, of never forgetting the loose ends in a narrative, and of calling attention to them at unexpected moments.

"Can't you see that for yourself?" grunted Uncle Andy impatiently. "It was

brilliance across the sky, a dim, pallid glow, which would filter down through the snow and allow the cub's eyes (if they happened to be open at the time) to make out something of his mother's gigantic white form.

"For the youngster of so huge a mother the snow-house baby was quite absurdly small. But this defect, by sticking closely to his business, he remedied with amazing rapidity. In fact, if his mother had cared to stay awake long enough to watch, she could fairly have seen him grow. But, of course, this growth was all at his mother's



"As she struggled to recover herself, close beside her the snow was heaved up, and a terrible grinning white head emerged"—p. 661.

breath. Try to think for yourself a little. Well, as I was trying to say, there was nothing much for the cub to do in the snow-house but nurse, sleep, and grow. To these three important but not exciting affairs he devoted himself entirely. Neither to him nor to his big white mother did it matter in the least whether the long Arctic gales roared over their unseen roof, or the unimaginable Arctic cold groped for them with noiseless fingers. Neither foe could reach them in their warm refuge. Nothing at all, indeed, could find them, except, once in a while, when the Northern Lights were dancing with unusual

expense, seeing that he had no food except her milk. So as he grew bigger and fatter, she grew thinner and leaner, till you would hardly have recognised this long, gaunt, white-fur bag of bones for the plump beast of the previous autumn.

"But all passes—even an Arctic winter. The sun began to make short daily trips across the horizon. He got higher and higher, and hotter and hotter. The snow began to melt, crumble, shrink upon itself. Up to within a couple of hundred yards of the hidden snow-house, what had seemed to be solid land broke up and revealed itself

CHILDREN OF THE WILD

as open sea, crowded with huge ice-cakes, and walrus, and seals. Sea-birds came splashing and screaming. And a wonderful thrill awoke in the air.

"That thrill got down into the snow-house—the roof of which was by this time getting much thinner. The cub found himself much less sleepy. He grew restless. He wanted to stretch his sturdy little legs to find out what they were good for. His mother, too, woke up. She found herself so hungry that there was no temptation to go to sleep again. Moreover, it was beginning to feel too warm for comfort—that is, for a polar bear's comfort, not for yours or mine—in the snow-house. She got up and shook herself. One wall of the snow-house very civilly gave way a bit, allowing her more room. But the roof, well supported by the rock, still held. The snow-house was full of a beautiful pale-blue light.

"Just at this particular moment a little herd of walrus—two old bulls, and four cows with their fat, oily-looking calves—came sprawling, floundering, and grunting by. They were quite out of place on land, of course, but for some reason known only to themselves they were crossing over the narrow neck of low ground from another bay, half a mile away. Perhaps the ice-pack had been jammed in by wind and current on that side, filling the shallow bay to the bottom and cutting the walrus off from their feeding-grounds. If not that, then it was some other equally urgent reason, or the massive beasts, who can move on land, only by a series of violent and exhausting flops, would never have undertaken an enterprise so formidable as a half-mile overland journey. They were accomplishing it, however, with a vast deal of groaning and wheezing and deep-throated grunting, when they arrived at the end of the crevice wherein the snow-house baby and his mother were concealed.

"Lifting their huge, whiskered and tusked heads, and plunging forward laboriously on their awkward flippers, the two old bulls went by, followed by the ponderous cows with their lumpy, rolling calves. The hindermost cow, a few feet to the right of the herd, came so close to the end of the crevice that the edge of the snow gave way and her left flipper slipped into it, throwing her forward upon her side. As she struggled to recover herself, close beside her the snow



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"For a few yards two bulls pursued her; so she and the cub strolled off together to a distance, and halted to see what would happen next"—p. 642.

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was heaved up, and a terrible, grinning white head emerged, followed by gigantic shoulders and huge, claw-armed, battling paws.

"This sudden and dreadful apparition startled the walrus cow into new vigour, so that with a convulsive plunge she tore herself free of the pitfall. For a couple of seconds the old bear towered above her, with sagacious eyes taking in the whole situation. Then, judiciously ignoring the mother, she sprang over her, treading her down into the snow, fell upon the fat calf, and with one tremendous buffet broke its neck.

"With a hoarse roar of grief and fury the cow wheeled upon her haunches, reared her sprawling bulk aloft, and tried to throw herself upon the slayer. The bear nimbly avoided the shock, and whirled round to see where her cub was. Blinking at the light, and dazed by the sudden uproar, but full of curiosity, he was just crawling up out of the ruins of the snow-house. His mother dragged him forth by the scruff of the neck, and with a heave of one paw sent him rolling over and over along the snow, a dozen paces out of danger. At the same time something in her savage growls conveyed to him a first lesson in that wholesome fear which it is so well for the children of the wild to learn early. As he pulled himself together and picked himself up he was still full of curiosity; but at the same time he realised the absolute necessity of keeping out of the way of something, whatever it was.

"He soon saw what it was. At the cry of the bereaved mother the two great walrus bulls had turned. Now, with curious, choked roars, which seemed to tear their way with difficulty out of their deep chests, they came floundering back to the rescue. The cub, a sure instinct asserting itself at once, looked behind him to see that the path of escape was clear. Then he sat up on his haunches, his twinkling little eyes shifting back and forth between those mighty oncoming bulks and the long, gaunt, white form of his mother.

"For perhaps half a minute the old bear stood her ground, dodging the clumsy but terrific onslaughts of the cow, and dealing her two or three buffets which would have smashed in the skeleton of any creature less tough than a walrus or an elephant. But she had no notion of risking her health and

the future of her baby by cultivating any more intimate acquaintance with those two roaring mountains of blubber which were bearing down upon her. When they were within just one more crashing plunge, she briskly drew aside, whirled about, and trotted off to join her cub. They were really so clumsy and slow, those walruses, that she hardly cared to hurry.

"For a few yards the two bulls pursued her; so she and the cub strolled off together to a distance of some fifty paces, and there halted to see what would happen next. Even creatures so dull-witted as those walrus bulls could see they would waste their time if they undertook to chase bears on dry land, so they turned back, grumbling under their long tusks, and joined the cow in inspecting the body of the dead calf. Soon coming to the conclusion that it was quite too dead to be worth bothering about, they all three went floundering on after the other cows, who had by this time got their own calves safely down to the water, and were swimming about anxiously as if they feared that the enemy might follow them even into their own element. Then, after as brief an interval as discretion seemed to require, the old bear led the way back, sniffed at the body of the fat walrus calf, and crouched down beside it with a long *woof* of deepest satisfaction. For it is not often, let me tell you, that a polar bear, ravenous after her long winter's fast, is lucky enough to make a kill like that just at the very moment of coming out of her den."

Uncle Andy knocked the ashes out of his pipe with that air of finality which the Child knew so well, and sometimes found so disappointing.

"But what became of the snow-house baby?" he urged.

"Oh," replied Uncle Andy, getting up from the chopping-log, "you see, he was no longer a snow-house baby, because the snow-house was all smashed up, and also rapidly melting. Moreover, it was no longer winter, you know; so he was just like lots of other wild babies, and went about getting into trouble and getting out again, and growing up, till at last, when he was almost half as big as herself and *perfectly* well able to take care of himself, his mother chased him away and went off to find another snow-house."

[The Second Story of this Series—entitled "Little Silk-Wing"—will appear next month.]

FOUR GATES

Serial Story

By AMY LE FEUVRE

*"On the East three gates; on the North three gates;
on the South three gates; and on the West three gates."*

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

THIS is the story of four lives—lives apparently facing the different points of the compass. Amabel Osborne, a pretty, childish creature who is engaged to a military man, faces South, with its genial sunshine; Audrey Hume, a spirited and passionate girl, is left practically unprovided for, and experiences the gusty weather of the West, until she finds safe anchorage at the school of a Dr. Vernon, who had been a friend of her father's; Honor Broughton has a keen and cutting Eastern outlook, first as nursery governess at home and then as companion out in the world; whilst Pauline Erskine, the sweetest and best of them all, has the Northern gates, cold and sunless, her duty being the care of a fretful and selfish invalid mother.

Just now we are dealing with Honor, who has accompanied her employer, Mrs. Montmorency, to Scotland, and who is by no means happy in her situation.

CHAPTER XV

A FATHER AND CHILD

"My soul blesses the Great Father every day,
that He has gladdened the earth with little
children."

MARY HOWITT.

IT was a wonderfully mild and bright day towards the end of February. Mrs. Montmorency had gone away to dine and sleep with a friend in Edinburgh. Honor was left alone. She had plenty to do, and was not dull. All the morning she had been busy doing little things for Mrs. Montmorency; they had had an early lunch, and Honor had accompanied her to the station directly afterwards in the brougham. Now, on her way back, a sudden longing seized her, as she passed a wild bit of moor, to get out and walk. She stopped the coachman and told him to drive on without her; and then she found herself treading the dead heather and bracken underfoot, and inhaling the sweet fresh air with a keen sense of enjoyment.

Presently she came to a little hollow surrounded by gorse bushes. It was a very desolate spot, so that she was startled to hear a small child's voice proceeding from it.

"And so you see, my dear, this is little England, a tiny, weany, little island in a big world!"

She bent forward eagerly. A child's voice was music in her ears; and this voice was a lisping babyish one, but perfectly refined in tone.

A small girl was busily scooping out the sand in the bottom, entirely engrossed in her game. She was dressed in a little rough blue frock and a straw hat, which barely hid her flaxen curls.

"Hallo!" Honor called out; "may I come down and play with you? I thought you must be a fairy at first, all away from everybody."

The child looked up at her with big blue eyes. Honor might be shy and unattractive to grown-up people. She was never so to children. There seemed a kind of Freemason understanding between them at once.

"That's exactly what I am—a fairy, only I'm called Fay by daddy. Do you know what this place is called?"

Honor slipped down the side of the hollow and sat down by the child's side.

"I should think it is Fairy's Hollow."

"You're wrong. It's the world, and I'm just making it fresh like God did once upon a time, and I'm making tiny little England first. It's got to have water round it, you know, to make it an island. Do you know if there is any sea round the corner, where I can get some?"

"I'm afraid we have no sea here. Where do you come from? Have you dropped from the clouds? Who told you that England was a tiny little place?"

"Daddy. He maked it in the sand once, but I'm going to make the whole big, big world, just wherever daddy goes his journeys."

"Where is daddy?"

THE QUIVER

"I specs he's smoking his pipe, and saying, 'Thank goodness that child is off my hands!'"

She burst into a merry peal of laughter as she mimicked her father's bass voice.

"But, darling, it will soon be getting dark. Where is your home? Do you live alone with your father?"

"I lives over there somewhere," she said, waving her small hand in an airy fashion over the part of the moor which Honor was going to cross. "I forgets exactly where it is; we only comed yesterday, and I found this lovely sand all by myself."

Then sitting down by her sand heap she clasped her hands together and looked up at Honor with grave sweetness.

"I had a muvver once, I really did."

"Did you? How nice! Has she gone to heaven?"

"Yes, she wented when I was a very little girl. She was just like you."

Here she solemnly studied Honor's face with her two big eyes.

"She had a mouf, and chin, and nose, and two eyes, and kontities of curls just like you."

Honor's brown hair was flying round her face. She put up her hand instinctively to it.

"Will you walk back with me? I think I must be going rather near your home."

"I must make France first—that's where frogs live, you know; it's bigger than England, but it isn't so good."

She set to work with her sand again, and Honor racked her brains to think where her house could possibly be. She knew most of the houses round, and was only about a mile from Mrs. Montmorency's house. She felt that she could not leave this child by herself, and yet was doubtful if she could move her at present.

At last she said with a smile:

"Can you smell tea and hot buttered toast? Is it yours or mine, I wonder? It's very near tea time."

Fay jumped up and tore out of the hollow as fast as her legs could carry her.

"Mrs. Maciver did promise me a hot apple for my tea."

She had given Honor the clue Mrs. Maciver kept the village inn, and very often let some of her rooms to lodgers. She was a very quiet, respectable woman; had been a cook in one of the big houses in the neighbourhood, and had, as often is the case, married the butler, who had taken pos-

session of the inn and drunk himself to death in three years' time.

"I know Mrs. Maciver. Wait for me. I can't run as fast as you can, and you're going the wrong way."

Fay stopped irresolutely.

"I rather like getting losted. I'm always doing it. Isn't it funny that I can't never remember in a new country where I comed from? Daddy says dogs is much cleverer than me. I s'pose you know this isn't England. It's Scotland, where men wear frocks and socks, and everybodies eats porridge. I saw a man with socks yesterday, but only some of them are dressed like that." She took hold of Honor's hand and chatted on.

The tiny, hot, grubby little hand brought a lump to Honor's throat. She could have thought she was walking with one of her little sisters.

Presently a tall, thin man came striding towards them. Fay at once hid herself behind Honor.

"Don't tell him nothing!" she whispered shrilly. "We'll putend I isn't here."

As the father came near, Honor saw that he had a thin, nervous face, very dark eyes, and closely cut brown hair. He was dressed in a tweed suit and knickerbockers, and had a pipe in his mouth, which he removed as he took off his cap and accosted Honor.

"I am so much obliged. I have just come out to hunt for my vagabond. She has been absent for two hours."

Fay peeped out mischievously, then sprang with a gleeful laugh into her father's arms.

"I've just been making the world," she said; "and I haven't got it nearly done. But we thought we smelted my hot apple for tea, so I comed along; and this is Madame Pilgrim, for she was pilgimming along the grass when she found me, just like you do, daddy, with your head in the air and your eyes away."

Honor smiled shyly as the man's gaze for one second stayed upon her.

"I am fond of children," she said; "and I thought she might be lost, so I brought her along with me."

"A thousand thanks. What a God-forsaken place this is in winter! I haven't seen it for twenty years, and I can't conceive how educated people can exist in such surroundings."

"I haven't been here many months," said Honor quietly; "but I like it better than London."



“‘Hallo!’ Honor called out; ‘may I come down and play with you?’”—p. 663.

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He shrugged his shoulders.

"Know Knockaburn? That was my home for twenty-five years."

Honor looked at him with interest. Knockaburn was an old Scottish property, only two miles away from Mrs. Montmorency's. At present there was a Sir Thomas Dodd living there, but his wife found it too lonely, and they were for the most part of the year away from it.

"It is a dear old house," she said.

"A dear old grave," he said sharply; "it buries all who live in it. Think of it! I spent my boyhood and youth there without one single day's change. I beat my wings against my cage for twenty-five years. I look back with amazement now to my powers of endurance and self-control, but when my chains were snapped I walked out of it into freedom and liberty, and became from choice one of the world's wanderers."

"You let it, I suppose?"

"Good heavens, no! I sold it outright. I have no association with it but of ceaseless gnawing discontent and misery."

"And yet you come to see it again?"

Honor spoke her thought involuntarily.

"I came——" He paused, then glanced down at his child.

"Run on, Fay, and tell Mrs. Maciver you're found. I left her wringing her hands."

The child instantly obeyed.

Honor was too interested in this man and his little daughter to heed conventionality. Though she was a perfect stranger to him, he was already laying bare his heart, and it did not seem to her in the least peculiar that he should do so.

"That's what brought me," he said with a nod at the little figure in front of them.

"It was just my luck to be obliged to drag a woman child after me everywhere! She's the plague of my life, and sticks to me like a limpet. I gave her the slip once in London, and thought I'd fixed her up with a decent sort of woman. I was called over by a cablegram from America, and found her at the point of death. She had fretted herself into a fever, and I just arrived in time to prevent her being sent to the workhouse. The woman couldn't be bothered with her, and thought I had left her for good and all on her hands."

"She's a darling child," said Honor enthusiastically.

"So," he continued dryly, "I bethought me of an old family nurse, and came up

here to find her, and yesterday I was told she had died five years ago."

Honor was silent.

"And now you know my history," he said with a little bitter laugh. "Why wasn't I given a boy, who could have been shipped off to sea?"

"But not at such an age," said Honor. "Your little girl is a mere baby. Surely there must be some school or home where she would be received."

He stopped still, took off his hat, and raised his head as if to inhale the fresh, breezy air around them.

"I'm not a good man," he said slowly, "but I have vowed that I shall never curb and restrain a nature in the criminal fashion that they restrained mine. She shall not be caged anywhere, least of all in any school. I'm not bad enough to wish my child a fate like mine. And she would die in a month if she were confined in any way. She inherits my love of freedom to her finger-tips. Is this your road? Many thanks for your kindness."

He raised his hat, and strode away into the village inn, and Honor went on home as if in a dream. If her body were in Mrs. Montmorency's well-ordered house for the rest of that day, her heart was with the wandering father and his charming child.

When she slept that night they mingled in her dreams, and were present in her waking thoughts.

The next afternoon she was sitting with Mrs. Montmorency in the drawing-room. The latter had just returned from her visit and was in an unusually good temper. She had learned to like the quiet, useful girl, who had so little regard for her own comfort and convenience and was so extremely conscientious in the discharge of her duties. Honor was now busy making a lace cap and listening to the account of the visit.

"I assure you, she weighs two stone more than I do, and looks twice my age. We were girls together, and she is two years younger than myself. But she has given way to sloth and self-indulgence, and now her body is an unwieldy encumbrance. I told her that if she had led the active life that I have, she would now be a graceful woman."

"I am always sorry for stout people," said Honor; "but I would rather see a woman stout than a man. Mrs. Montmorency, do you know Knockaburn well? Who used to live there?"

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"The Selkirks. Of course, I know the family. We were boys and girls together. Who has been gossiping to you about them?"

"I don't know whether he wishes it known, but I came across a little child yesterday, away on the moor, playing, and I was bringing her back to the village when I met her father. He told me Knockaburn used to be his home, and spoke rather bitterly about it."

"That must be Alick. How extraordinary! What is he doing in this part of the world? A thorough ne'er-do-weel, I am afraid. His sister Margaret was my play-fellow. He was much younger. I remember we nearly drowned him in a water-butt once."

Mrs. Montmorency smiled at her childish reminiscences; then she questioned Honor rather closely upon her experience, and finally told her the history of the man.

"His mother was left a widow early in life. She had five daughters, and then this boy, and she ruled her household with a rod of iron. I have heard my father say she was soulless and heartless, and a steel machine in her interior sent the blood with mechanical regularity through her veins! Three of her daughters—high-spirited girls they were—rebelled against her and eloped with the husbands of their choice. Susy, the gentlest of them all, was hurried into her grave by her mother's severity; and Margaret—well, she had grit and purpose, and a will like her mother, and a self-control everyone envied. She was the only one who lived to comfort and care for her mother in her old age. Alick was simply villainously brought up. She would never let him go to school—was afraid of trusting him out of her sight. She had tutors for him, and kept him tight to his lessons and her apron-strings till he came of age. He made a desperate struggle to escape from home then, but she circumvented him. She got rid of the bailiff, and forced him to steep himself in the business of the estate. She separated him from the girl he loved, because she foresaw that she would never bend to her rule. She kept the purse. Her husband had left everything to her for life—a most extraordinary will, and, of course, it was her doing—so that Alick was absolutely under her thumb. She died when he was about five-and-twenty, and then he broke loose with a vengeance. The place was not entailed, and the next thing we

heard was that he had put it up for sale. I know he hated it. He turned his sister adrift—I believe it nearly broke her heart, but her mother had settled a certain income upon her—and then he went off to foreign lands, and we have never seen or heard of him since. I was told he had married. Dear me! I wonder if he has qualms now? Is his child a boy or a girl, do you say? A girl? That's a pity. She will be no incentive to him. I wonder whom he married. He was a dreamy boy—with smouldering fires, we always said, but he kept them well out of sight. I should like to see him again."

"I don't know," said Honor hesitatingly, "whether he would like me to have told you."

"Tuts! Who are you to be made his confidante? And his old friends all around him! I shall walk over to the inn to-morrow. I want to get some honey from Mrs. Maciver. She is always so successful with her bees."

CHAPTER XVI

WANTED

"Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love." SHAKESPEARE.

MRS. MONTMORENCY went to see Mr. Selkirk, and found him perfectly courteous, but quite emphatic in his refusal to accept her hospitality.

"I am here incog.," he said. "Don't give me away to the neighbourhood. I shall be off to America very soon. I'm going to have a little duck-shooting with old Mac-Duff. He recognised me yesterday. If you would have my small girl up to your house while I am shooting, it would be a kindness."

Mrs. Montmorency stiffened at once, till she remembered Honor. She very much disliked children herself, but now she smiled, and graciously turned to Fay.

"You shall come and spend a long day with us to-morrow."

But Fay shook her curly head.

"I shan't do nuffin' like that," she said.

"I spends my days myself. I'm going to look for Madam Pilgrim, and we'll have some new games I've just made up."

"Who does she mean?" asked Mrs. Montmorency with a little frown upon her brow.

"Oh, it's some young lady who brought

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her home to me the other day when she had strayed away. A nice sort of girl—lives about here, I believe."

"It must be Miss Broughton, who lives with me. She is a companion."

Her tone was dignity itself.

"Ah, well!" said Mr. Selkirk indifferently. "If you send her over to fetch my small daughter she'll go fast enough. Otherwise nothing will move her. She is not fond of strangers—seen too many fresh faces, poor little beggar!"

"I will see if I can spare Miss Broughton," said Mrs. Montmorency, and then she departed. When she came home she was in irritable spirits.

"I can't think what possessed me to say I would have the child," she said to Honor. "You must just keep her out of my way. I am going to lunch with Miss Buchanan, so will be out most of the day."

Honor could not hide her delight. She went to fetch Fay directly she had had her breakfast, and the child—who was trying to climb on a carthorse's back outside the inn door—flew into her arms with a scream of delight.

She dragged her into her sitting-room, where Mr. Selkirk was cleaning his gun.

"She's come, daddy! She's come!"

Mr. Selkirk shook hands with Honor.

"Hope you'll enjoy her company all day," he said. "It's more than I do sometimes."

"Daddy is so tarsome," said Fay, clinging hold of Honor's hand and jumping up and down in sheer exuberance of spirits. "He won't b'lieve that I saw a fairy walk on my window-ledge when I was in bed last night. It was a little teeny lady, and she was dressed in green moss and a little red hat, and she told me if I'd find a hollow tree she'd take me through to fairyland."

"We have a lovely hollow tree in our garden," said Honor, "and there's a walnut tree with lovely seats up in it."

Fay clasped her hands in ecstasy.

"I'll come at once. *Do* you think we could make a nest up there just for you and me? I always fought I'd like to live in a nest—it would be so warm and comfy. And I'd *love* to make it."

"We'll see," said Honor.

Mr. Selkirk laughed.

"Wise woman! Don't commit yourself. Fay's demands are no light matter. So you live with Mrs. Montmorency? Why did you not tell me so?"

"Why should I?" said Honor simply.

"It would not strike me as interesting information."

She felt his eyes searching her through and through, and disliked this trait of his.

"Are you in bondage?" he asked suddenly.

Honor's cheeks grew hot as she replied steadily:

"I am earning my living. That is not bondage." Then something induced her to add: "I have a home of my own in England."

"That's a pity," he said slowly, withdrawing his gaze from her and bending over his gun again.

Fay broke in impetuously:

"Come on, Madam Pilgrim. I don't like daddy with his gun. It's wicked to kill the dear ducks, and I shall cry if I think about it."

So Honor retreated with her, and they spent a blissful day together. Fay astonished her with the vast and varied information she possessed; and Honor rightly concluded that it was the constant companionship of her father that gave her it.

"Daddy and I like pilgriming, and so does you," she asserted in the course of the day. They had just finished a journey round the garden, in which by turns they had represented Arabs, brigands, and slaves.

"I think when we go pilgriming again you must come with us."

"I'm afraid I can't do that. Where are you going?"

"Well, you see, we haven't made up our minds. I say I'd like the jungle in India, on the back of a effelunt, you know, because we shouldn't be cold there, and I don't like to be cold. My knees was quite blue yesterday. I tired my stocking, and so the cold came through, and Mrs. Maciver said she'd no time to mend me. So daddy and me sewed it up, but it's very lumpy!"

She pulled up her frock, and the mend in the knee was indeed what she said.

"You poor little soul!" said Honor. "I should like to mend your clothes."

"So you shall, then," said Fay cheerfully. "I'll take you to my drawers; they're in a shockin' mess. Daddy will be so glad. He always says: 'Oh, the burden of children! Why has it been cast upon me?'"

In the days that ensued Honor saw a great deal of Fay and of her father. Mrs. Montmorency was very fond of going about, and was constantly going to Edinburgh, sometimes staying for three or four days.



"He raised his hat, and strode away into the village inn"—p. 666.

She made no objection to Honor's taking the child for walks; and, somehow or other, Mr. Selkirk generally met them, and, in his lazy, humorous fashion, talked a good deal to Honor.

She had been so little accustomed in her busy life at home to receive attentions from anyone, that it did not enter her head that Mr. Selkirk was not a man to spend so much of his time walking about the lanes and moor with his child.

Honor had a very humble opinion of herself, and had no idea how bright her eyes and smile were when with children. Mr. Selkirk saw her at her best, and, strangely enough, Honor never felt shy of him. She was quiet, but perfectly natural, and was really interested in the things he talked about. Perhaps her life of constant repression with Mrs. Montmorency, and the realisation that she was never supposed to speak unless she were spoken to in the society of that lady's friends, made her appreciate more the perfectly frank and confidential way in which Mr. Selkirk spoke to her. And, woman-like, she felt sorry for him. He was a restless wanderer on the face of the earth, and his child was a

heavy clog to his movements. Yet he did not seem in a hurry to part with her. The affection between father and child was very touching and real. And Fay herself was perfectly oblivious that her father at times would rather be without her.

"Have you never been abroad?" Mr. Selkirk asked Honor one day.

"Never. Till this last year I have never lived outside our village at home."

"What stagnation!"

"So Audrey Hume used to say."

"Who was she?"

"A friend of mine. She's so clever and bright, too clever to lead that quiet life for long. Now she has gone away."

"I detest clever women."

"Do you? I wonder why?"

"Women," said Mr. Selkirk, puffing moodily at his pipe, "ought to bring an atmosphere of rest and peace with them wherever they go. Chattering women are as bad as monkeys—you long to throw a brick at their heads. Ah! you've never seen a grove of trees alive with monkeys. You'd understand if you had!"

"But clever people are not necessarily chatters."

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"Woman," said Mr. Selkirk solemnly, taking his pipe out of his mouth and looking straight at Honor, "ought to be man's companion and comforter; she ought to have a fount of ready sympathy and patience, and *never* lose her temper. That child's mother was a woman of that sort, and I only had her for four years!"

If Audrey had been there she would have reminded this antiquated man that woman had a life and a soul of her own, and was not meant to have the monopoly of all the virtues; but Honor only turned her soft, pitying eyes upon the speaker and murmured:

"I am so sorry for you."

"And that is the woman I want Fay to grow up into," Mr. Selkirk resumed; then with a little laugh he added:

"But for the life of me I can't train her in that direction. I'm afraid she has more of her father's nature than her mother's. I wish you'd try your hand at her, Miss Broughton."

"But it is too short a time to influence her. You say you are leaving in another fortnight."

"I suppose we are."

Shadows gathered upon his face.

"I want to take a trip over to the States. I have a little business there that I put money into; but I dread the voyage with the child, and still more so when I arrive out there."

"I am sure," Honor said earnestly, "that you could leave her with someone who would be kind to her."

"I should like to leave her with you."

He laughed at Honor's astonished look.

"Oh," she said breathlessly, "if I could only have her. But it's quite, quite impossible."

"I suppose so."

Silence fell between them; then Honor said a little timidly:

"Haven't you a sister?"

He turned upon her fiercely.

"Never, if I can help it, shall my child be left to her tender mercies! Her training would be the same as—as was meted out to me. I would rather see Fay dead than live and endure what I endured as a boy."

Honor knew then how deeply he felt and remembered his own childhood.

Another day he said to her:

"Aren't you pretty tired of your life here? Are you going to be tacked on to Mrs. Montmorency for the rest of your life?"

"I hope not," said Honor quietly. "I am always hoping they will want me home again."

"I thought your stepmother didn't make it over-pleasant for you?"

"I have my father, and two brothers at school, and three darling little sisters—children like Fay here."

"Oh, they don't want you," he said impatiently.

"So Mrs. Montmorency says. She is convinced that she wants me more."

He laughed contemptuously.

"She ought to wait upon herself," he said, "and I would like to see her doing it! What would she say if someone stepped in and married you?"

"Oh, that would *never* happen," said Honor with a little laugh. "I know I shall be a single woman to the end of my life. So many girls are nowadays," she added seriously. "It is only the rich and beautiful or very attractive ones who marry."

He relapsed into silence, and Fay broke it.

"I'm going to marry a sailor," she said, "and we'll live on ships always. We'll just go out to dinner one day to little England, and we'll have tea in Scotland, and then we'll have supper in 'Merica, and go to bed in India. Our ship will always be rushing round the world. It will be lovely!"

And then one day, when there was talk of their going away, Mr. Selkirk suddenly turned to Honor and electrified her. She had just brought Fay back from a ramble over the moor, and Mr. Selkirk came out from the inn to meet them. He sent Fay into the house, and asked Honor if he might walk back with her.

She agreed quite simply, for she felt it relieved him of the strain of bitterness in his heart to talk things over with anyone.

"I don't expect I shall see you again," Honor said. "Fay has promised to come over and wish me good-bye to-morrow afternoon. Mrs. Montmorency said I could have her to tea. But you won't come to the house?"

"No, I never was fond of Kate Montmorency. I am hoping to see a good deal of you."

Honor stared at him. And then it was that he whirled round upon her and spoke sharply and abruptly:

"I want you to leave your old woman and come off to the States with Fay and me."

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"As—as governess?" stammered Honor.
"As wife. I hate the whole crew of governesses."

Honor was literally dumbfounded. The suddenness and the abruptness of the proposal almost seemed to stun her. She had never contemplated such a result of her acquaintance; and she almost felt inclined to laugh at the absurdity of the notion. And yet the next moment the blood rushed to her cheeks and her heart throbbed quickly, for the idea was not repugnant to her.

"How can you ask me such a thing," she ventured to say, "when you have only known me for the inside of a month?"

"It doesn't take me long to make up my mind," he replied gravely, still standing in front of her with a kindly light in his dark eyes. "I'm a pretty keen observer of human nature, and so is Fay. We are agreed upon this point. We both want you."

"Oh," said Honor, speaking in a distressed voice; "I don't know; it is so unexpected, so sudden. I think—I know I could make Fay happy, but I don't know about you."

It was characteristic of her that there was no question of her own happiness. She gave much and took little. His voice was very courteous and tender as he returned:

"I have no doubt about that. You are the kind of woman that makes a restless man want a quiet home. I haven't much to offer you as far as worldly wealth goes, but I have enough to keep us all in comfort. I have little bits of property in various parts of the world, which will grow more valuable in time. And I'm getting pretty tired of wandering. I want to settle down."

"Where?" asked Honor dreamily.

"Not here," he said with his short laugh; "but if you want an English home you shall have it; only we must take our trip to the States first."

Silence fell between them.

"Well?" he asked at last.

"I should like time to think about it. I can't—I really can't decide to-day."

"Why not? I offer you a happier life than that old woman does. You told me the other day your place was filled up at home. You have a chance of seeing life with me. You're made for a wife, though you may not think it. You have all the qualities that a man looks for; and I would—I know I could—make you happy!"

So he pleaded, without one word of love or sentiment, and strangely enough Honor liked him the better for it.

"I will give you an answer to-morrow."

"Then I will try to be patient. Let Fay bring me the answer I want."

He walked on with her, then came to a standstill at her gate.

"You are not going abroad as soon as you intended?" Honor asked.

"I will postpone it till a week later. But I must leave here the end of this week. I want you to come over the moor with me, and we'll get ourselves married at a little church I know of. The parson is a friend of mine. Then we'll go straight off to Liverpool and catch the first liner sailing for the States."

"But," gasped Honor, "you don't expect me to marry you straight off like this, without telling my parents or anyone? Oh, I couldn't do it. It would be so underhand! You take my breath away!"

"Think it out," he said coolly. "It's the only way and the best way. Do you think I could stand a village wedding with gaping rustics, and orange flowers and rice and all the rest of it? A man never wants that twice in his life. I know it is asking a good deal of you. You will have to take me on trust and put up with the unconventionality of a quiet marriage. My business won't let me wait beyond a week later than this. It must be either at once or never with me."

Honor was white to the lips as she held out her hand to him.

"You are asking a great deal of me," she said. "Good-bye. I will send an answer to-morrow."

Mr. Selkirk grasped her hand tightly, and for just a moment his voice was husky with emotion.

"If you fail me," he said, "I will never put my trust in a woman again."

Honor passed through the gate and up the drive without another word.

CHAPTER XVII

A TURN FROM THE EAST

I said, "These painful shoes, I cannot see why any longer they should cumber me." So left I them behind, and for a while The change seemed pleasant, and did me beguile!
ROSE'S DIARY.

SHE sat huddled up in a shawl over the dying embers of her fire. It was past midnight, but Honor did not attempt to go

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to bed. For over two hours she had been revolving things in her mind, and she was unsettled and doubtful still. All the instincts of her early training warned her against taking this sudden and precipitate step. She was a deeply religious girl at heart, and through all her troubles and difficulties had had an unswerving trust in God. But life had been becoming more difficult to her of late. She never could get over the bitterness of her short time at home when she realised how quickly her place had been filled up. Even her father seemed too delighted and engrossed with the new organist to take much notice of his eldest daughter. His farewell words still rang in her ears:

"Well, good-bye, my dear. It is wonderful how well everything has turned out, hasn't it? The money you send home is a real help; and now we have Mr. Danby I really feel as if I have a curate. He is so willing and capable in all parish matters, and his music is actually bringing strangers to the church. He manages the choir so well; and, of course, a man has a great advantage over a woman for that kind of thing."

"Yes," said Honor bravely; "I don't think you have missed me at all."

"Oh, well, we did at first, when Miss Paton was new to everything; but now she is my wife's right hand, and the children are getting accustomed to her. Write and tell us how you are getting on. It is a matter of thankfulness to me that you are in such comfortable surroundings."

"They don't want me back," she thought; "no one wants me or cares about me. Mrs. Montmorency could get fifty girls to do for her as well and better than I do. And now my chance seems to have come, and I know if I miss it I shall not have another. I shall be a paid companion to the end of my days, and every day will be greyer and more miserable than the one before it. I am not the kind of girl that men would like to marry. And this makes it all the more wonderful that Mr. Selkirk should want me. He does, or he would have gone away and said nothing. And I should love to have a home of my own, and feel I had people depending on me for comfort and help. Fay is simply a darling! I would go anywhere—to the other end of the world—for her sake alone! And if I had a home I could have the children by turn to stay with me. Emily would be delighted, I know;

and how they would love it! It is a great temptation. I like him, too, quite as much as I have ever liked any man; and it is wonderful that he should like me."

Then Honor's conscience began to speak.

"The real reason against it is the way he wants to do it. It is underhand, as if we were ashamed of doing it; it wouldn't be acting rightly towards Mrs. Montmorency to leave her so suddenly in the lurch. Then what will father say? And I'm very much afraid that Mr. Selkirk does not care for religious things. He told me he did not often go to church, and I know—the Bible tells me—that it is wrong to be joined to an unbeliever. Yet he isn't that. He must talk to Fay about good things, as she knows such a lot about them, and he told me his first wife was deeply religious. More than once he has spoken of woman's influence and what a lot it can do for a man. And if I could help him in that way, how splendid it would be! I partly understand how he shrinks from the publicity of the usual wedding. I should hate it myself. It is so much more simple and real to walk quietly into a little empty church and, with ourselves only, be married in the sight of God."

"How I wish I knew what to do! I have to decide so quickly; if I had Pauline here I would get her to advise me; but as it is, I can consult no one. I feel it is my one chance of being married; I know I shall never get another; it is the secrecy of it and the quickness of it that makes it seem wrong."

She got up from her chair and paced the room. She felt it was a crisis in her life; yet when she knelt to pray no words would come, until at last she cried out:

"O God, I want to do it! I want to do it! Make it right for me to do it!"

And that was all the prayer she made before going to bed. Through her half-waking hours the words rang in her ears:

"How can two walk together unless they be agreed?"

And when she arose the next morning her heart was still in a troubled turmoil. She thought of her Eastern outlook through life, for her mind perpetually dwelt upon Mrs. Daventry's quaint fancy, and she seemed to see before her more sunshine than she had ever experienced in her life, and a cessation of the bitter, cutting blasts which had been her portion for so long.

Perhaps that day, if Mrs. Montmorency

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had been in her cheerful, good-tempered moods, the course of Honor's life would have been changed; but she was unusually irritable and exacting, and Honor's absence of mind in one or two small matters drew from her scathing reproof.

"I really never saw anyone so stupid, Miss Broughton! I ought to have the patience of Job to live with you! I am not feeling well to-day, and you seem to do your utmost to try my nerves! I wish sometimes that I had never engaged you.

When she reminded Mrs. Montmorency of Fay's invitation to tea, she said:

"I am thankful they are leaving to-morrow. I believe half the cause of your inattention to your duties has arisen through your infatuation for that tiresome child. And as for her father, he is a thorough ne'er-do-weel, and ought to be ashamed of himself to shake off his responsibilities and wander round the world in the fashion he does! It is ruination to the child!"

Not a word did Honor say. Every speech



"Mr. Selkirk, promise me now that this will not be the last time that you will enter a church door"—p. 675.

You are a most depressing companion, and so awkward and clumsy in your movements."

She had often been as angry and unjust before, but Honor knew her captious moods never lasted. To-day, however, her words seemed to burn and sting with unusual force.

"I never shall please her; she will be glad to get rid of me"; and Honor moved about with compressed lips and flashing eyes.

that Mrs. Montmorency made seemed to strengthen her resolve. She steadily shut her eyes to all the unadvisabilities of the step she purposed to take.

When Fay flung her arms round her neck in her impulsive, childish fashion, Honor felt she could not live without her. She chatted to her brightly, but Fay seemed ill at ease. Every now and then she stopped in the midst of her play and heaved a deep sigh. At last Honor asked her if she was not feeling well.

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"I've got somef'n heavy on my chest," the child replied, "and I want it to go."

"Is it a pain?"

"No. I'm not to tell you till it's time to go. There! Now you know! What a stupid I am! It's a secret, and I can't keep secrets; and I promised daddy I would. It's dreffully heavy on me."

"We won't talk about it," said Honor, a little flush coming to her cheeks as she guessed what that secret might be.

And then an hour later Fay crept into her arms, and with her soft little cheek laid against hers and her lips against her ear, she whispered:

"Madam Pilgrim is coming across the sea with daddy and me, and I knewed she would, and I'm so happy. And that's why I calls her Madam Pilgrim, 'cause daddy is the big pilgrim and I'm the little one, and you come atween us!"

And a rush of tears came to Honor's eyes as she whispered back:

"Yes, I'm coming, darling; I can't stay here when you're gone; and I'm going to give you a little note to give to your father."

So Fay went away, and put into her father's hand the words he wanted, though he frowned a little at the way they were written:

"DEAR MR. SELKIRK,—

"I will come, if you will let me know your arrangements. I seem as if I cannot help myself, and I feel as if I'm sinning against my conscience to agree to what you propose. But having given my word, I will not go back from it. If my own mother had lived, I would not have acted so; but no one seems to want me, and you say you do. I hope neither you nor I will live to regret the step we have taken in such a hurry. Yours truly,

"HONOR BROUGHTON."

It was a strange note for any girl to write to the man she was about to marry.

But the word "love" was lacking in both their lips and hearts.

And that night Honor sobbed herself to sleep.

"I shall be disgraced in everybody's eyes by what I am going to do, and yet I can't go back!"

It was a grey, still morning. The promise of spring seemed in the air, though on that bleak Scotch upland the black, bare trees and hedges showed no signs of awakening

from their winter sleep. But the air brought a subtle scent of life and freshness; lambs bleated in the distance, and yellow catkins were bursting into feathery foliage in the sheltered ditches that bordered the moor. Honor walked steadily and firmly across the moor in the early hours of that March morning. Though she was unaware of it at the time, everything she passed was being photographed by her brain to the very smallest minutiae. Years afterwards she saw again the faint yellow streaks across the horizon, she felt the keen moor breeze play upon her hair and face and heard the crisp crackle of the dead bracken and heather under her feet.

As she faced the sunrising she said to herself:

"Surely this ought to augur well. My path to this church is due east. Oh, I wonder, I wonder, if Pauline were to see me now, whether she would try to draw me back?"

She had arranged everything with methodical simplicity, even to packing her trunk and labelling it for the Liverpool docks. She had left a note for Mrs. Montmorency on her dressing-table, and she had written a letter to her father.

The note to Mrs. Montmorency was a short one:

"DEAR MRS. MONTMORENCY,—

"I fear you will be angry when I tell you that I left your house this morning to be married to Mr. Selkirk at St. Anthony's Church on the moor. Please forgive me for the inconvenience I may cause. He wished me to be married to him quietly, without anyone's knowing, or I would have told you. We are sailing for America immediately. May I trouble you to send my box to the address on the label. I have only taken a hand-bag with me.

"Yours sincerely,

"HONOR BROUGHTON."

"P.S.—I am sure you will get someone who will suit you much better than I did. Thank you for all your kindness. I am not ungrateful, but Mr. Selkirk seems to want me more than anyone else does."

Now, as she walked on to her destination, a sudden wild panic seized her, and the quiet, matter-of-fact girl stood for one moment with palpitating heart, ready to fly back in terror to the conventional groove in her life into which she had been fitted.

And then, as if he had suddenly risen

FOUR GATES

from the moor, Mr. Selkirk stood by her side and took her hand in his.

"You look quite frightened. Did you think I would fail you? We are close to the church now. This way. Take my arm."

Honor was trembling visibly, but the frightened look died out of her eyes.

"I believe I was going to run away back," she said; "I wonder if it is as much to you as it is to me."

He soothed her.

"It is a shame of me to ask you to do anything so unconventional; but you are a plucky, unselfish girl, and you will go through with it for my sake, won't you—and for Fay's? Poor mite! She is eagerly waiting for us at the station. Mrs. Maciver has driven her there with our luggage, and has lent me a trap to take you straight away to the station directly the service is over."

Honor could not speak, but near the little stone porch, before she entered the church, she turned and confronted her future husband with tragic eyes.

"Mr. Selkirk, promise me now that this will not be the last time that you will enter a church door. You know what my faith is. Promise me that you will not try to shake it, that you will help me in all good ways and not hinder me."

"We will help each other," he said very gently; "I know you are a good woman, and I'm far from being what I ought; but you'll improve me, and I'm willing to meet you in the church way. You must remember I have led a roving life, and had no good influence since my child's mother died. You'll have your opportunities of making me a better man, I assure you."

Honor heaved a sigh, but said no more; and the quiet little service that followed, the signing in the registry book afterwards, and the drive to the station in a farmer's trap all seemed to be so many pictures in a dream which flashed past her, but in which she herself took no part.

But when, a little later, she was comfortably established in a railway carriage, with Fay in her lap and the child's clinging arms round her neck, she turned towards her husband with an apologetic, quivering smile.

"Forgive me for being so stupid. I can't realise at all what we have done."

He smiled back at her.

"You make me feel a brute; but I'll leave Fay to entertain you."

He opened out a newspaper and wisely left her to herself till she was able to talk in her usual quiet, happy way.

And so Honor tried to take a turn in her Eastern path, and for the time she felt nothing but sunshine, for her blighting wind had disappeared. Once, as the trio stood on the great American liner watching the shores of England recede and vanish from their sight, Mr. Selkirk looked at her and saw that the tears were running down her face.

Fay noticed it too.

"Look, daddy, Madam Pilgrim is crying! Quick, get your hanky and wipe it all away!"

She produced a grimy little ball out of her pocket and pushed it into her father's hand.

"You can reach her better, 'cause you're taller than me. It isn't very clean, 'cause I wiped that lovely dog's dirty paws with it over there. Don't cry, Madam Pilgrim. Why do you cry?"

Honor smiled bravely through her tears.

"It's because I've never been out of my country before," she said. "I feel as if I shall be lost myself now I am losing my country; and new, strange things and places always frighten me."

"But we are not new or strange," said her husband; "and you are with us."

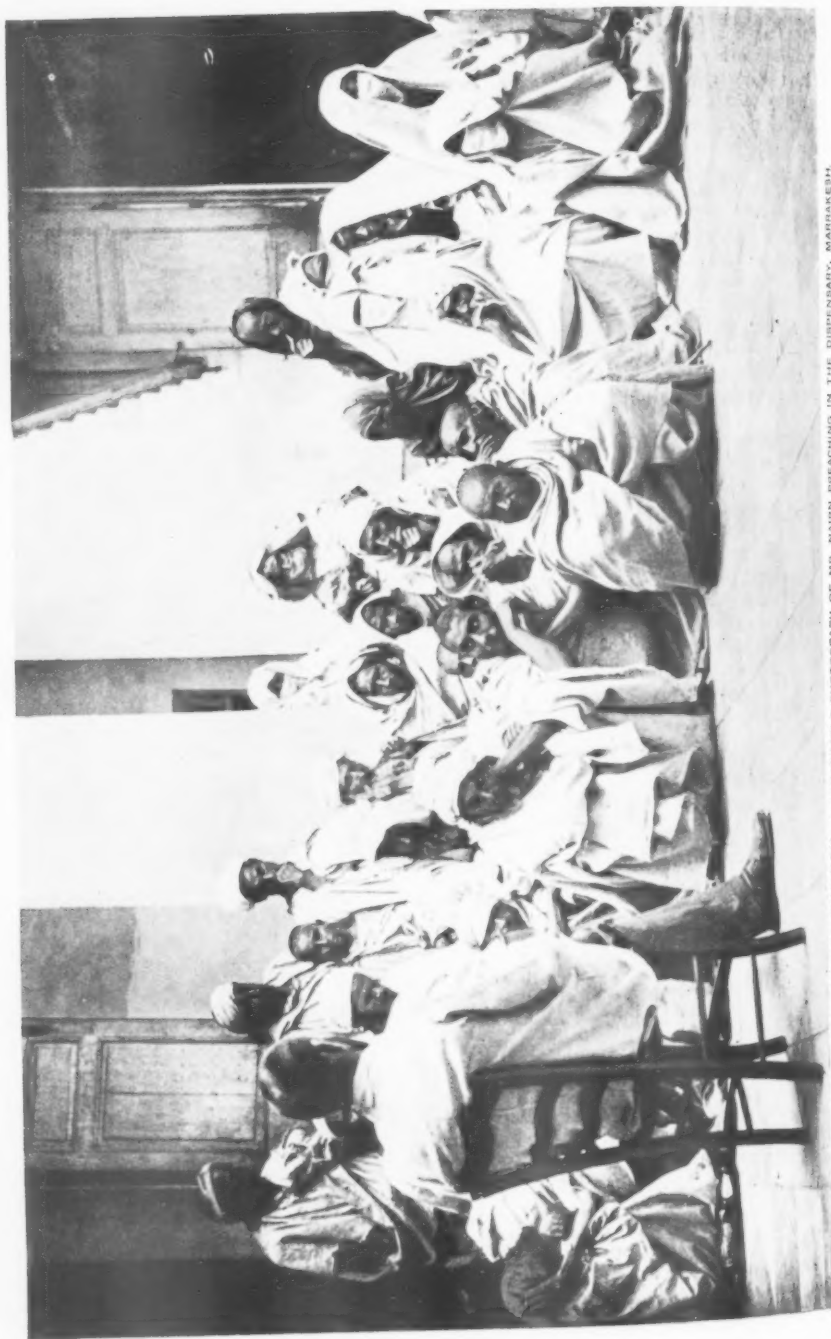
"And we're very happy peoples, daddy and me," said Fay, nodding wisely. "We never cries much at all—not when we're pilgriming; it's only when we stay still, and it rains, and we mustn't go out, nor touch the nornyments on the mantelshelf, that we cries."

And then Honor put her arms round her and kissed her passionately, whilst her husband looked on, half touched and half amused.

Presently he strolled away to smoke his pipe with other men, and the little child—not the father—was Honor's comforter.

[END OF CHAPTER SEVENTEEN]





THE GOOD NEWS OF THE KINGDOM: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. HAIN PREACHING IN THE DISPENSARY, NARIKESH.

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A Mission in the Heart of Africa

By S.L. Bensusan

(Illustrations from Photos by MR. ALAN LENNOX,
H.M. Consular Service.)

THE vast Empire of Morocco, with its quarter of a million square miles, its Arabs, Moors, Jews, Berbers, and Negroid peoples, has long been the exceedingly unhappy hunting ground of varied missionary effort. From the early days of Christianity attempts have been made to change the faith of Morocco's inhabitants, and to this hour men and women are working steadily and hopefully under the most disheartening conditions.

I have seen several religious missions at work in Africa, but none has impressed me as deeply as the South Morocco Mission, which is Presbyterian and has its headquarters in Glasgow and its chief station in the famous thousand-year-old city of Red Marrakesh—Marra-kusha al Hamra, as the Moors call it—lying in the red plains of Tensift, watered by a river of that name and girdled by a forest of date palms.

A City of Splendour

Marrakesh is one of Morocco's four imperial cities, and lies about 120 miles from the Atlantic coast, being reached from three of the ports—Mazagan, Saffi, and Mogador—by tracks trodden flat by countless camels, mules, horses, and pedestrians, and graced with the courtesy title of roads.

Sometimes a river bars the way, and if it be in flood you must sit by the banks until the water subsides—for two days or three weeks, according to the state of the weather and the season of the year.

In my travels I have never seen the city that could rival Marrakesh in situation or appearance. The date-palm forest across the dusty plain; the sparkling river that

gives life to these trees that live "with feet in water and with heads in fire"; the vast and many-coloured Atlas mountains beyond the city and seeming to overshadow it; the maze of streets, unnamed, unpaved, and undrained; the picturesque inhabitants; the Mosques, markets, Kasbah, caravanserais—the whole place seems to have been taken from the pages of the "Arabian Nights Entertainments" and set down between forest and river and mountains, in a part to which few Europeans may gain access.

When I was last in that wonderful city, once the capital of a distinct kingdom, and at the time of my visit ruled by a Viceroy who is now Sultan of Morocco, there were not a score of Europeans within the walls that are said to shelter between seventy and eighty thousand souls. Yet, oddly enough, the second man I spoke to as I rode towards the western gate was Mr. Alan Lennox, then of the South Morocco Mission and now a member of the British Consular Service.



ARAB WOMAN AND CHILD.



SCHOOL GIRLS AT WORK.

Slavery in the Twentieth Century

It is worth mentioning that the first man I spoke to was a slave dealer, who was leaving Marrakesh for the north with two slave boys—bright, intelligent lads whom he had bought in the slave market, the Sok el Abeed, on the previous afternoon, and was taking with him to sell again at a profit in Fez, the northern capital, where "the Court Elevated by Allah" was then in residence. During my stay I visited the slave market, and saw men, women, and children bid for as though they had been sheep or oxen. But this is another story.

To the kindness of the members of the South Morocco Mission I owed not a little of the pleasure of my stay in the most fascinating city I have ever visited, and I was able to see for myself with what splendid devotion Mr. Nairn, Mr. Lennox, Miss MacIntyre, and their associates worked in the cause to which they had given their lives. The Mission, which has now come of age, was then about fifteen years old. There were three settlements in Marrakesh, with four lady missionaries, and one in Mogador, Saffi, Mazagan, and Azemour.

A City of History

Marrakesh has long been a field for missionary activity. It was to this wonderful city that St. Francis of Assisi sent some of his followers. For some brief time there was a Catholic bishopric in Marrakesh. In the time of the Almohad

rulers Christian slaves were common, while renegades and travelling mercenaries or skilled craftsmen were attracted there by the hope of high wages and preferment, and down to the beginning of the nineteenth century there was a large caravanserai known as the Fandak of the Christians.

But times have changed, and few venture to Marrakesh to-day, where the European must live quite cut off from civilisation. He must depend for news of the outer world upon the R'kass, or native letter carrier, who is not infrequently waylaid and murdered as he passes through the country of disaffected tribes, part of the south of Morocco being in a state of perennial rebellion against the Sultan's rule.

In times when the native disaffection is more than usually great, the British Minister at Tangier sends word to all Europeans to leave Marrakesh and proceed under armed Moorish escort to the coast; and it is not necessary to tell how greatly the fear of such a summons disturbs the tenor of life.

Happily, the members of the South Morocco Mission have earned the respect of the Moors, who are kindly folk at heart, by their unassuming devotion to high ideals, their strenuous labour, and their simple life; and although prevention is better than cure, it may be doubted whether the people of Marra-

A MISSION IN THE HEART OF AFRICA

kesh would turn against those who serve them so well, even at the bidding of "inspired" madmen who may be seen from time to time wandering through the streets in a state of nature, and calling upon the people to kill the Nazarenes. The term "Nazarene" is used in a sense of reproach and contempt, being applied to all foreigners not known to be Jews. It was only when I had been unfortunate enough to attract the attention of one of these enthusiasts that I realised how uncomfortably a few minutes may pass in a city more than one hundred miles removed from even a limited European civilisation.

Suspicion Worn Away

When the South Morocco Mission first established itself in Marrakesh its members were regarded with the greatest suspicion, and some years passed away before this feeling was allayed. All members of the Mission receive a certain measure of medical training before they are sent out, the period, if I am not mistaken, being two years; and, armed with this experience and knowledge, they are enabled to do a great deal to allay suffering, and in this way they make their first appeal to the Moors.

The work of the Mission in Marrakesh had three branches. There was the purely religious side, in which, it is to be feared, the interest of the Moors was strictly limited; there was the medical and surgical side, very freely patronised by both men and women; and there was the teaching side, superintended by Miss MacIntyre, a very difficult and delicate affair this.

There were a few boarders in the house—in some cases children who had been stolen for the slave market and rescued at the eleventh hour by the efforts of the Mission. Of the day pupils there were sometimes fifty, sometimes no more than ten, the numbers varying with the ebb and flow of anti-foreign feeling in the city. In times of tranquillity the numbers rose, and in seasons of disturbance they fell, so that the school numbers acted as a political barometer.

Healing the Sick

The medical department was in the hands of the men of the Mission, and it was a strange, as well as a sad, sight to see the sick arrive for treatment. Even in that hot climate the women came shrouded to the eyes, and remained so covered in a long queue, awaiting their turn. Some of the diseases with which the missionaries



PATIENTS COMING INTO THE DISPENSARY.

THE QUIVER

had to cope were exceedingly unpleasant; but the Moor has three points in his favour, and they are—a great faith in his doctor, very pure blood, and a remarkable capacity for bearing pain.

So through this city of seventy thousand souls the South Morocco Mission pursued its work hopefully at a time when, if memory serves me rightly, the only other Englishman resident in the city was Mr. Miller, the agent of the Foreign Bible Society.

Amusements were conspicuously absent, holidays were few and far between, responsibility and danger were ever pre-

Mission work passed into the Mission's service.

The Hope of the Little Ones

Unselfish devotion was the keynote of life lived so far beyond the reach of praise. I remember asking Mr. Nairn if he tired of working in such a stony vineyard, and he told me that he was neither tired nor discontented. He understood to the full the nature of the difficulties besetting him and his fellow workers, but pointed out, with perfect justice, that the Mission's teaching and example, even if it had not made men professed Christians, was doing much to lead them to follow better lives.



WOMEN IN THE DISPENSARY.

sent, and the material reward was very trifling, for the Mission is a small and comparatively poor one, and only strict economy enabled the married members of the Mission to support their wives and children in a city where the cost of living is ridiculously small, there being hundreds of uninhabited houses and the cost of food-stuffs being so low that each of the copper coins known as floos, of which more than a score go to make a penny, has some purchasing power. Even when some of the chiefs of the city were served and expressed their sense of gratitude with some generosity, anything that would serve the

He pointed out that the Mission's great hope was with the little ones, who were being taught in fashion that would be quite impossible in the harems; taught to have sense of order, cleanliness, and duty, and to understand that life was not given to them for selfish ends, but for the service of those who walk in darkness.

Hard-worked Missionaries

One of the facts that struck me most in Marrakesh was that the members of the Mission were among the very hardest workers in the city. The rank and file of the populace do nothing, and make a great



TWO REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF SLAVERY IN MOROCCO:-1. SLAVE MARKET AUCTIONEERS AT PRAYERS BEFORE STARTING THE SALE.

noise in doing it. Even the paid workers, who must support, on the slenderest wage, their "house"—as wife and children are called, in response to the strange etiquette of Islam—seem to make no effort to improve their position. The keepers of the bazaars pass long hours in rest or in reading the Koran, or in turning over the faded pages of some manuscript or book of poems, and even employ others to run about and offer the wares whose sale they are too lazy to further by individual efforts.

But the members of the Mission were up with the earliest, and laboured with little intermission through the "hours of fire," when the "Enemy," as some Moors call their good friend the sun, was sending vertical rays upon the palmetto-leaf roofs of the bazaars and the flat roofs of the Moorish houses. The one part out-

side the harem itself that is kept sacred to women was tenanted only by the white storks, whom all Moors love. The Moor who will drive his camel till it falls and then kill and eat it, who will urge overloaded donkeys with sharp-pointed sticks

that pierce the skin, who stimulate their mules with packing-needles and ride their horses bitted with an iron spike, will go out of his way to pick up a stork that has fallen from its nest, and will restore it to its mother. When people of natural cruelty and ferocity have some redeeming features, a skilled man or woman can do something to change the colour of their lives, and members of the South Morocco Mission, for all that they can boast but a few converts, deserve the admiration and respect of all thinking men and women for their sustained effort to this end.



2. TWO GIRLS STOLEN FROM THE COUNTRY TO BE SOLD AS SLAVES; RESCUED BY THE MISSION.





"It was a terrible journey. Challoner was compelled to bail resolutely, dear life depending on it."

Bully Chapman's Turning

A Stirring Story of the Southern Seas

By FRANK H. SHAW

THE Reverend Henry Challoner shook his head slowly from side to side.

"We are handicapped, Compton," he said. "Down here we are hopelessly handicapped; and there are times when I feel that the work is useless. If only the traders would countenance our working—but they won't. Their one object in life seems to be to set the natives against us by telling them scandalous tales of our ambitions. I heard only the other day that we were credited with a desire to get the native children to our school simply that we might dine off the poor little chaps."

"And the man who does most to set the natives against us is Chapman," pronounced Mr. Compton, with a trifle of what was perhaps natural bitterness. When you see your work recoil upon itself, when you see converts lured back into a state of bar-

barism, when you toil never so hard with no result whatsoever, you may be forgiven a little bitterness maybe. "That man sticks at nothing whatsoever; I don't believe he possesses a single human feeling."

"They say he is passionately attached to his child, though I cannot understand why any woman ever married him. It pleases him to speak of the Islanders as men speak of cattle; he is noted for his heartlessness, and no one can ever remember his doing a single decent thing in his life." Dr. Challoner allowed himself to grow a trifle heated. He had cause. A little while before, Captain Chapman, of the *Flower of Home*, had enticed a full score of his converts aboard his schooner on pretence of bearing a message from the missionary, and had then clapped hatches upon them, and sailed away with them to Makaita, to practically sell them

BULLY CHAPMAN'S TURNING

to a plantation owner there. The sore rankled sharply in Dr. Challoner's soul.

"If we had him on our side the work would be easy. He practically rules all the other traders, because he is supposed to be a powerful fighter. And if he were for us, no man dare stand against us. But——" Mr. Compton shook his head.

"Well, I shall not give up hope," was Dr. Challoner's sturdy rejoinder. "If we have a powerful enemy, we have also a more powerful Friend, and I think that some time, sooner or later, that hard man's heart will be melted. Only God knows when."

He looked out of the rattling windows of the little mission station, and watched the crested waves fling themselves in a mad riot of elemental anger on the coral sand of the beach. It was blowing a furious gale, and the thunder of the surf was wellnigh deafening. And as he looked his whole form seemed to stiffen somewhat; he narrowed his gaze for a moment, and then ran out of the house towards the beach, with a shout over his shoulder to his companion.

Driving madly through the surf, now swept high aloft on the crest of a monstrous wave, now sunk deeply in the roaring troughs, was a small boat, heading for the beautiful little bay on the shores of which the station stood. It was handled well, but it seemed a miracle that it survived. Indeed, as Dr. Challoner reached the beach the boat capsized completely, and the two men who formed its crew were pitched unceremoniously into the surf. They swam ashore with difficulty, and were drawn up to safety by the missionary at the moment Mr. Compton arrived on the scene.

They were two civilised natives, fine fellows, tall and strong, but their teeth chattered, their bodies shivered, and they presented such a forlorn aspect that, in spite of their evident dislike for the procedure, they were hurried to the station and so dried and comforted that their rough experience promised at once to fade from their minds. Dr. Challoner remained with them, and in another ten minutes he presented himself before his companion.

"Those natives came with a purpose," he said. "It seems that Mrs. Chapman's child is dangerously ill—very dangerously ill. And Seymour, the only other medical man in the islands, was drowned yesterday.

These men say that unless something is done immediately the child cannot live."

"And what do you think of it all?"

"I think the only thing. Thank God, I am a qualified doctor, and I can handle the case. I must go at once."

Mr. Compton drew his attention to the roaring gale and the tempestuous seas.

"Not in this weather," he remarked. "You run a very grave risk, and Chapman is our bitterest enemy."

Dr. Challoner drew himself up.

"And because of that it is all the more necessary that I should go," he said. "If the man were our friend there would be no sacrifice in doing this work."

"There has not been a storm like this for five years," said Mr. Compton. "You take your life in your hands if you go afloat."

"I have carried my life in my hands for many a year," retorted Dr. Challoner. "And once more does not make much difference. We are in good hands, my friend."

It was in vain that Mr. Compton protested; his companion had made up his mind, and nothing would deter him from performing what he considered to be his duty. There was suffering that he might ease, and his work, as a man of God, was to put a period to that suffering, no matter what the cost might be to himself. There are many men like him in the world to-day.

He packed a bag with a few necessities, and fought his way back to the beach. The natives were not over-willing to fare back to the place they came from, but by dint of mild persuasions at first, and dire threats when persuasions failed, Challoner contrived to force them to take their places in the boat, which he thought to manage himself. He was a consummate sailor, as was necessary in a man who spent much of his life afloat; but even he felt somewhat daunted by the monstrous immensity of the storm-lashed sea.

It was a terrible journey. For three-quarters of the time the long whale-boat was half under water, and Challoner, at the helm, was compelled to bail resolutely, dear life depending on it. Once clear of the bay, sail was set, and with her lee gunwale under water the boat fetched away on the first of the many tacks that lay before her; the force of the wind was so terrific that it seemed a score of times as though the canvas must be split to ribbons, and the planking stove in.

THE QUIVER

It was close on seven hours later that they landed. Challoner was exhausted; he could barely stand, for the constant drenchings he had received had cramped his every muscle; but he made shift to stumble out of the boat and up towards the long, low house where Bully Chapman, the Terror of the Islands, made his home at such time as he was not at sea.

The child was ill, so ill that the missionary knew that an hour's hesitation had spelt its death. It was diphtheria in a bad form; and the only chance was to perform tracheotomy. With the half-distracted mother to help him he did the delicate work, and then, as the sufferer's agonies seemed to be in some measure relieved, ordered Mrs. Chapman to lie down in a neighbouring room while he kept watch.

It was very quiet in the sick-room, for the first flush of the storm had passed, and the muffled thunder of the breakers came more as a sedative than an actual sound. Long hours of battling and stress, and lack of sleep on the previous night—a convert had been taken ill and had died—had sapped away Challoner's vitality. He rose softly and bent over the child—Dorothy Chapman, and perhaps the one thing in all the world that Bully Chapman loved better than his own large selfish self. The child breathed evenly, her temperature was reduced. Challoner resealed himself, and resolved to watch throughout the night. The chair was very comfortable, the room was warm, and—and—

He awakened with a start, to see the moonlight beating into the room, to hear a choking, strangled cry, to feel the floor shake to the rush of a panic-stricken woman.

"My God! Doctor, she's dying—dying!" sobbed Mrs. Chapman. She lifted her child's head from the pillow, but the fight for breath was dreadful.

"Quick—a feather or something! Quick, woman! There's not a moment to be lost."

She fled away as he took the girl in his arms, but he knew from the tetanic rigidity of the little form that unless she fled as on wings it must be too late. He remembered then to have heard of a similar case to this; and—he did what was given to him to do. It was a deadly risk, and he had one moment for clear thought. He knew that he was necessary to the work down there; he knew that this was but the child of the man he had most cause in life to hate; and then—

he placed his lips to the tube and sucked the venom clear.

In the doorway, her approach unnoticed in the stress of that tense moment, Mrs. Chapman halted, empty-handed. And, standing there, she saw the great heroism accomplished; she knew that this man had risked his own life that her child might live.

"She will sleep now," said Challoner, turning to the faint rustle of skirts. "I think she will recover; I hope she will recover. Give me some water, please."

A weeping woman, incoherent, almost beside herself, fell at his knees and grasped them hysterically, sobbing out mingled thanks and self-reproaches.

"No; it is nothing, nothing," said the missionary. And he refused to listen to her expressions of gratitude.

Three days later, Dorothy Chapman being out of danger and on the high road to recovery, Dr. Challoner betook himself back to the mission station, before a fair wind, and counted the episode finished. But Compton had an opinion, and he expressed it.

"You were a fool, Challoner," he said, "to risk your life like that. And Chapman will not show the slightest token of gratitude. You may rest assured of that fact—you have wasted your trouble."

"No; the child's life was saved," said the medical man softly. "And a child's life can never be wasted. And now we can proceed with our original scheme. Compton, I think it is urgently necessary for me to go to Vella Tagula, and do something for the unfortunate natives there."

It had long been a cherished project with Dr. Challoner. The island in question stood for all that was black and darksome in the history of the Pacific; the inhabitants were notoriously savage and inhospitable; it was known that they were still cannibals, devil-worshippers, and a dozen other things that may not be mentioned here. And it seemed to the missionary that his work demanded that he should go to this black blot on a fair earth, and there do such work as his Master put into his hands to do.

"You are too zealous, Challoner, too zealous," said Compton. "Far better to stay here and work with me. There is much to be done here."

"But I must have a vineyard of my own," said Challoner. "No, it is no earthly use

BULLY CHAPMAN'S TURNING

to try and dissuade me—I must go." And next day he went into the darkness of the Unknown.

II

"S'POSE he thought it a sort of game of heaping coals of fire on my head," said Bully Chapman, pacing the deck of his schooner, as she drew in towards the lovely shore. "Well, he's made a mistake; I don't stand for any of that sort of work. I'm dead against these missionaries—and I stay dead against 'em."

His mate, Paul Ford, expressed a profane opinion of the devoted men who toiled and died to spread the light of a greater Love than ever grew in the heart of man amongst the benighted heathen. "Checks us wherever we goes," he said, expectorating over the side. "Puts the niggers on their guard against us, an' 'stead o' simple faith an' lovin' trust, we get stones an' arrows at times."

Suddenly Captain Chapman began to laugh, exposing white, firm teeth.

"Seem to be tickled," said his mate with some resentment. "What's the joke?"

"I'm thinking that we deserve a mighty lot of simple faith and loving trust, we folks. We've pretty nigh put the fear of death into

the hearts of our black brethren hereabouts, haven't we?" They laughed in concert over some item in their history which would not, perhaps, bear the light of day.

"Well, if that missionary's thinking he's got me on his side he's made the biggest mistake of his life," said Chapman, returning to the old subject. "I got home, my wife met me with a long-winded yarn about Dot being ill, and about a missionary—that

Challoner chap—coming through the teeth of a living hurricane to attend her. Said something about diphtheria, too, and sucking venom out of the kid's throat. I told her she was hysterical, and had better lie down for a while. Women sometimes exaggerate a bit."

"They told me something about it, too," said Ford. "Right enough, the sky-pilot came through that big blow at the beginning of last month in a whale-boat."

"Cowering at the bottom, I expect, and weeping at every drop of spray. I know 'em—white-livered enough they are."

Ford ceased the discussion, which did not interest him much, but Chapman wrinkled his brows together thoughtfully.

"It would have been mighty hard to have lost Dot," he said. "She's a cunning little kid; but I don't expect he did much. And it's not my plan to go hand in hand with the missionaries; it means cutting my own throat. No, it was his job to attend the sick and suffering, just as it's my job to

make money the best way I can. Well, it's over and done with, and the sooner we forget all about it the better."

But he was conscious of a peculiar unrest. It seemed to him as if he were standing on the edge of great events; he would not

have been surprised if a sudden hurricane had swept up out of the clear sky, or if a tidal wave had roared madly towards the lovely shore towards which the *Flower of Home* was smoothly drifting.

"Funny," he said, rubbing his eyes. "And the barometer's high, too; there can't be a storm on. Blessed if I know what's wrong."

He looked to sea, he looked towards the shore, and saw nothing to give him satis-



"Challoner re-seated himself, and resolved to watch throughout the night. The chair was very comfortable, the room was warm, and—and——"

THE QUIVER

faction. He thought of his project, and somehow, for no accountable reason, it seemed not half so promising as it had seemed at its inception. He had planned to make a descent upon this island, to attract the natives by fair promises aboard his schooner until he had a full cargo, and then drive them below by force of arms, imprison them under hatches, and sail away to another island where there was a promising market for such labour. Chapman called it recruiting; the missionaries, amongst whom was Challenger, called it—and rightly—slave-hunting.

The native village that Chapman had in mind to deplete of its male population was some fifteen miles up the coast, beyond the projecting point that could now be seen from the *Flower's* deck. The currents ran up alongside the land, and the wind was fair; before nightfall there was every prospect of the schooner being safely harboured. If the expedition were well planned it meant a considerable profit to its perpetrators, for each captured native was worth so much head-money, willingly paid by unscrupulous planters.

"Oh, I'm getting squeamish in my old age," said Chapman, dashing his cap to the deck. "It's thinking of Dot—that's what it is. Hallo! I wonder what is showing there?" He thought he saw a flash of white against the dark-green background of the jungle that ran down almost to the water's edge, abreast of where the schooner was. He fetched his binoculars, and carefully studied the object; he looked again, wiping the glasses, and then he muttered something that Ford could not hear.

"It's a signal of some sort," was his mental decision. "So far as I can see,

there's a native waving some sort of a cloth above his head. There—it's dropped. Well, it don't concern me."

Ford studied the object closely through his own glasses, and expressed the opinion that it was a signal that might affect them.

"Probably the blacks have got wind of our intention," he said.

"That may be to warn us off. Hadn't we better send a boat?"

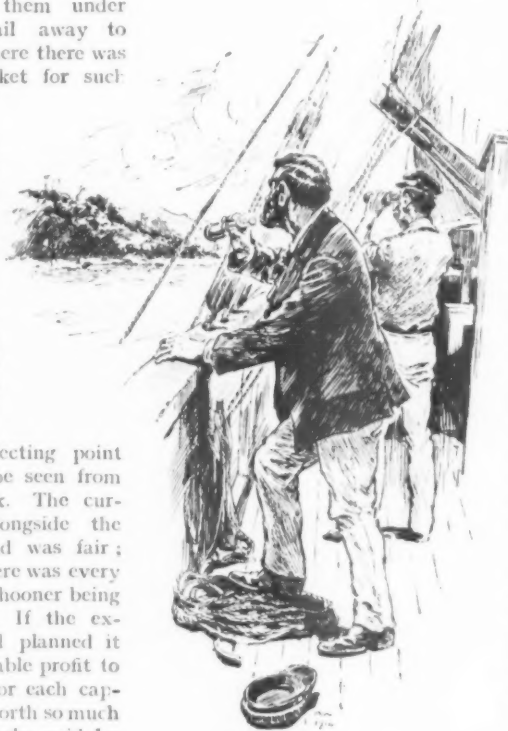
"No; there's no need. Anyway, it might be a trick to decoy us ashore. Let her go as she's going." He resolutely faced the other way, but in another minute his eyes were again fixed on that patch of white. The uneasiness that he had noticed for an hour back grew within him until it was almost unbearable.

"Here, I can't stand this," he said roughly. "Heave her to, and lower a boat; I'll go and see what it means. Tell the men to arm themselves in case of treachery."

The *Flower of Home* carried a crew that was reputed to be cap-

able of any devilry, reckless ruffians who would have followed their captain through fiery torments for the sheer love and lust of the thing.

The schooner's way was checked forthwith, and as a sounding gave a bottom of forty fathoms, she came to an anchor, whilst the boat was swung out and manned. Chapman seated himself in the stern-sheets and gave the order to pull away. Like a feather the beautiful craft sped over the sparkling



"'It's a signal of some sort,' was his mental decision. 'So far as I can see, there's a native waving some sort of a cloth above his head.'"

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waters. As she grounded on a soft coral stretch, Chapman leaped out, and saw what it was that had attracted his attention.

It was a native—no doubting that—but not one of the type he knew lived on the island. He had denuded himself of his white waist-cloth, and had waved it above his head so long as his strength lasted; but now he lay collapsed and fainting on the sand, and his eyeballs rolled in dumb terror.

"Well, what's wrong?" demanded Chapman, without any great show of kindness. It was his belief that kindness shown to a native was mistaken to a degree.

The man rolled his eyes pitifully, but was unable to speak. He pointed to his improvised flag, he pointed to his throat.

"Get some water," said the captain briefly. "He's pretty near dying of thirst."

There was water in the boat, and some of it was applied to the sufferer's lips; he swallowed greedily, and the drawn agony of his face somewhat relaxed.

"You men keep your rifles handy," said Chapman. "It might be a trick, after all."

But it was not a trick; the native was still deeply distressed. He was making fresh efforts to talk, and when Chapman bade a couple of men lift him into the boat, the native made vigorous protests.

"Doesn't seem to want to go; maybe he knows us," said Chapman, with a grin.

The native spoke in his own tongue, and the trader, to whom the many dialects of the island were well known, bent his head.

"Eh, what's that? A white man in trouble up in the interior? A what? A missionary?" He stood up, and his face bore an unholy light.

"Now, that's what you call justice," he said roughly. "They've done their best to do me down at my trade, and when they've got caught in their own net it's me they appeal to for help. I'll see them far enough before I help an inch."

His men granted approval; they did not love missionaries. The native spoke again in a harsh dialect, raspingly, and stretched out a hand for the water-tin. He slaked his thirst greedily, and the water seemed to invigorate him, for he made shift to sit up and speak a little more intelligibly.

Chapman translated the tale for the benefit of the boat's crew. "He says that his master went up into the interior to convert the natives there. The natives didn't

want to be converted; and after they'd made pretence to receive him, they made him a prisoner. Serve him right! Eh—what's that? They are going to kill him? You're dreaming, man!"

The native spoke excitedly, adding gesticulations to his words. For a while Chapman listened in silence, and then he turned to his men.

"This fellow says that there's a big feast on to-morrow, and that this missionary chap is to be sacrificed to their god. He says he heard some of the nigs discussing it; and because he wasn't allowed to go anywhere near his master he bolted down here, hoping to find a chance of getting help. Pretty wild hope, considering we're the only schooner in these waters. And so the missionary has to go out, because we're not going to do a single thing to help him."

He bade his men take the native to the boat, and they obeyed, despite the sufferer's protests. The crew embarked, and gave way, the boat skimmed back to the parent schooner, and Chapman thought of the tale he would have to tell amongst some of his choice companions of how the missionary had been hoist with his own petard.

But as the boat swung alongside the *Flower of Home* he forgot his original intention, and became thoughtful again. Once more the nameless sense of calamity obsessed him; it seemed to him as though some voice were crying to him from the Unknown, bidding him pause.

He dashed the thought from him with anger; he had made his plans, and they should not be set at naught in this fashion. He climbed up the schooner's side and gave orders for the anchor to be weighed, and the strange drawing sensation filled his soul.

"Think we're going to risk everything this way?" he demanded of his mate. "I like the idea! Go up to that village close on twenty miles away, and pull a missionary out of a mess by the slack of his pants! We'd cut our own throats if we did. There wouldn't be a native for a hundred miles around would trust us as far as he could throw us; and so—no more recruiting for this little ship, Ford, my boy."

"They won't kill him—they're his black brethren, and all that sort of thing," said Ford gloomily.

Now, it may be that the black messenger had exaggerated the facts of the case. After-

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wards, Dr. Challoner always said he had when the story was told to him. Perhaps the natives inland had no intention of murdering the missionary; it is to be hoped they had not; but they had certainly made him prisoner, and the morrow was certainly a feast that was to be celebrated with human sacrifices.

And Bully Chapman knew this: that whatever the natives intended to-day, they would be wild with anger against any who bore a white skin by the next day, when his own act of treachery was completed. If the manhood of this coast village were kidnapped and practically enslaved, the story would spread with the swiftness of a lightning flash, and excessive rancour would be bred up in every savage heart on the island. It would not be an enviable position to occupy—that of prisoner in their hands.

"Serve him right!" he said again. "He's one of the men I've no cause to love. I'll bet he's done me all the harm he could do, and I'm getting a bit of my own back now. I hope they do butcher him—it might warn some other interfering swabs off the field."

He paced the deck, and he noticed that the wind was dropping almost to a flat calm.

"I was a fool to go and inquire," he said moodily. "We've lost the best part of an hour's good breeze, and it'll just be my luck to be becalmed here all night, and then tomorrow they'll be too busy feasting, and—and——"

Something within was urging him to answer that pitious call from the interior. He refused to listen to it, but there it was, clamorous, insistent, not to be denied.

"Oh, it's rot!" he said. "I'll queer my own pitch, and—a missionary." But argue he never so wisely, the demand was still as strong as ever—nay, it was growing stronger. The wind died away completely, the sails flapped against the mast; the schooner came to a standstill. It seemed as though the very currents had ceased to run—as if the whole world were standing still to await his decision.

"I can't stand this," he said. "No, I'm blamed if I can. Hands, lay aft!" They trooped aft—a big crew, for the *Flower* was engaged in dangerous work. Chapman fought with words, and found them difficult in the coming. If he obeyed this strange

impulse he must climb down before all these men, and undo all that he had done in the past. But the voice was whispering in his ear, and it must be obeyed.

"Arm yourselves, men," he said shortly. "We land in two minutes, and we might have to fight. Bring two days' grub with you."

The men stared at one another in bewilderment. This could only be a result of what that native had said. But Bully Chapman roared at them, and they trooped away to fill haversacks and bandoliers, to discuss this amazing happening amongst themselves.

"You ain't really goin'?" said Ford. "Not really?"

"Yes, I'm going," said Chapman roughly. "Don't you forget it. I'm all sorts of a fool, I know, but there's something drawing me there. I've just got to go, Ford."

The mate threw up his hands bewildered; he had never heard his commander speak in this strain before. And before his bewilderment had passed Chapman had sprung into his boat, had shouted a few final orders, and was on his way to the shore.

"I'll be the laughing-stock of the islands for this," he said as he went. And twelve well-armed men of the *Flower of Home* disappeared into the tangled undergrowth. Only the native who bore the message knew the way; he accompanied them gladly, for he said that help was speeding to the master he loved.

III

THE chief of the village had threatened the missionary vilely, but the man of God showed no fear. He knew that he had entered the fight from good motives, desirous only of serving the natives well; and it was not his fault that his ministrations had been looked on by the superstitious blacks as witchcraft and the work of devils. He had tended a sick man, and unfortunately the sick man had died; his death—he was a son of the chief—was laid at the missionary's door.

And these blacks were the most treacherous of any in all the islands; they were steeped in gross ignorance and superstition. To them a white man was something to be execrated, for what little they knew of them was merely by way of rumour from natives of other islands, captured in the many inter-tribal wars that raged in that dangerous

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locality. They had heard sinister tales of recruiting, of men snatched from their homes to serve the white man's will; and they believed that this white man was but such another, luring them to a false peace, in order that they in their turn might vanish from their homes.

So it had gone forth that much suffering awaited the unfortunate man. Not that the natives were to be blamed; the reckless, blasphemous traders were the sole cause of it all. Wonder at the thought of a white-skinned man who was looked on at first as a god, had changed to fear and loathing, and the innocent must pay the price of the guilty.

It was growing near to the dawn, and already the tomtoms were thundering in the village; already the shouts and yells of a populace working themselves up to frenzy, sounded around the small hut in which Dr. Challoner lay, bound, a prisoner, awaiting a fearful death. He felt no anger towards the natives; in his heart he pitied them for their savagery, he pitied them for their blindness in that they would destroy him who had come to them solely to aid. But the decree had gone forth—at the dawn he must die, and he prayed resolutely for strength and courage to

abide the issue without showing fear. For others, he knew, would come after him; he was but a sower, and he must make all things ready for that day when the reapers came and the harvest was stored.

There came a clamorous burst from without, and the door of his prison opened. Entered many black men, weirdly painted,

chanting in blood-curdling fashion, who snatched him roughly from the place where he lay, and bore him to the open. They carried him along swiftly until they halted in an open place, surrounded by hundreds and hundreds of natives, men, women, and



"It was Bully Chapman who caught the upflung wrist"—p. 690.

children, who had come forth to witness such a spectacle as had never greeted their eyes before.

Dr. Challoner turned his eyes to the clear blue sky that smiled serenely upon him. The world was very fair to look upon at that mystic hour, but it was only an ante-room to a fairer world by far. There would

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be wet eyes when the story of his death was known; he had worked to the full of his power, and—better men than he had died for the Master's sake, he said.

The time was very near. Already the chief of the village, the man who had appointed himself executioner, had bared the dreadful knife with which the sacrifice was to be consummated, and the monotonous chanting of the watchers was rising to a frenzied howl. The chief had worked himself up to his task by copious draughts of a crude intoxicant made on the island, and by trade gin, which Challoner's enemies had distributed at large. Now, foaming at the mouth, he strode towards his victim, and lifted the knife high above his head.

As Challoner drew a deep breath and committed his soul to God, he heard a loud shout—a shout in the English tongue. The knife glittered in the first rays of the risen sun—and then it fell to the ground. The chief uttered a yell and sprang away, holding his wrist, and the report of a rifle-shot sounded from the near distance. It seemed to the natives as if this were a manifestation from Heaven. They sprang to their feet at a bound, and before they could decide which way to flee armed white men were amongst them, rudely thrusting them aside, trampling them underfoot, smiting them down with the butts of their rifles; for Chapman, knowing that his force would be outnumbered immeasurably, had given the order not to fire. But it was his own shot that had smashed the chief's wrist, a shot fired almost at hazard, as he emerged into open ground, and saw, from a little eminence, the group before him. He had seen the light glint on the uplifted blade; he had seen the fearless face of the missionary, the head that had not bowed before the impending stroke; and he realised that it was not a question of missionary and trader, but white man against black. And so he had fired; and before the consternation had died away, the men of the *Flower of Home* were in the square, and in possession of the situation.

But the chief, seeing that the intervention was human after all, gave vent to a yell of

rage, and snatching up a club in his left hand, he rushed upon Challoner, where he stood still bound. It was Bully Chapman who caught the upflung wrist; it was Bully Chapman who hurled the would-be murderer aside as if he were a child.

"Surround this man," he said, indicating the missionary, "and if anyone lays a finger on him, fire."

But the savages had no wish to court disaster. They ran for cover, and, beyond shooting a few harmless arrows, did nothing worthy of narration. When the immediate danger was over, Chapman sought speech with the man whose life he had saved.

"Seems we arrived just in time," he said, and in spite of the roughness of his voice there was a strange light in his eyes. "Do you know that I was brought here—a voice called me—me, Captain Chapman, of the *Flower of Home*. I knew there was a missionary in trouble, so I had to come. What might your name be, Mister?"

"My name is Challoner," said the missionary, and it seemed to him as if an invisible hand had wiped away the harsh lines from the trader's face with a single movement.

"Challoner—Challoner! My wife said that it was a man of that name who—who saved my daughter's life. Are you the man?"

"It was my good fortune, sir, to attend the daughter of a Mrs. Chapman who was seriously ill."

"Then—I don't understand what it means, Dr. Challoner. Why was I brought here to save the man who saved my child? Can it be true that there's a God, after all?"

"A God? The God—yes! He lives. If I had never known it before, I must have known it to-day. Captain Chapman, it was my God who called you here, and so—"

A glad light overspread the missionary's face, for it was given to him in that moment to know that his prayers were answered, and that in this man beside him, formerly his enemy, he was to find a worthy ally, who would fight side by side with him for the glory of the Kingdom of God.





The Art of Right Living

By ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSER, M.B.

"We ought to be happy, and we can be happy, not in the dim, uncertain future, but here and now. But we must first of all learn the art of living. Not one person in a thousand knows how to live. . . ."

SINCE the beginning of time men and women have regarded happiness as their individual right. We are told that "man is born to sorrow," but we don't apply the remark to ourselves. This world may be a vale of tears for mankind in general, but we all expect personal happiness and feel aggrieved if Providence for the time being has set us in unhappy circumstances, in uncongenial environment. We have an instinct for joy inbred in us—; an insatiable longing for happiness which is supposed to come to us in the hereafter if we live according to certain rules of conduct in this life. That desire for happiness implanted in the human soul is in itself a promise of fulfilment. We ought to be happy, and we can be happy, not in the dim, uncertain future, but here and now. But we must first of all learn the art of living. Not one person in a thousand knows how to live, or has the faintest conception of how to get one fraction of the joy, interest and intense happiness that this life can give.

Some long for happiness and rush hither and thither after elusive pleasure, leaving the real thing at their own fireside. Others are so engrossed in money-making and worldly success that they are old and incapable of emotion before they realise they are unsatisfied. Then their brief span of life is nearly over. Some merely exist and never taste life at all. The majority are vaguely dissatisfied, restless, unhappy, desiring something which they do not know how to get.

By right living we can get from life everything we wish. Success, love, appreciation come from living in harmony with

ourselves and the great unchangeable laws of the universe. Unhappiness is the result of poverty of character, of ignorant living. Each one of us might win from life ineffable delight if we realised a few simple truths and applied them to everyday living. It takes some people twenty years to "find themselves," to learn the art of living. Others never learn at all.

Complex Human Nature

We all have, deep down in our natures, the capacity for great things. We may never know it. We may faintly realise it in moments of inspiration. A love affair has made a hero of a commonplace man. A child may change the whole character of a selfish woman. A great cause makes fine men and women out of apparently poor material. That is because the good which is latent in everyone has been stimulated into activity. The human soul is wonderful, beautiful. The human life is too often feeble, stunted and dwarfed because the soul's strength and beauty remain dormant through life. Everybody has remarkable possibilities. Everyone has a dual personality, good and bad. Some can be a dozen different individuals depending upon external conditions and the development or otherwise of various traits and characteristics. There is no such thing as a good or a bad man. Every man is both good and bad. Every woman has in her the power to be saint or devil. Right living means the development of our highest selves. Useful living is the cultivation of the qualities of love, kindness, and good cheer which are latent in the worst of us.

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The Happy Life

Happy living is a combination of these, with the realisation of the beauty and joy of life.

How can we achieve them? How can we change our present sense of unhappiness and futility for a living consciousness of the good and the beautiful?

First we must realise that health and happiness are the normal conditions of existence. If we do not possess them we are ill, we are out of harmony with the laws that govern the universe. It may be that we have become selfish, self-centred, suspicious of our fellow-beings. Such diseased qualities of mind must be eradicated by anyone who honestly desires to learn the art of right living. Unselfishness, is one secret of happiness and power. It develops as the result of a conscious or subconscious realisation of the oneness of life, of our mutual interdependence and need of mutual help. The old teaching that we should be kind, unselfish, "good" merely for the sake of a reward in the hereafter is giving way before a higher ideal of life.

"Because right is right, to follow right were wisdom, in the scorn of consequence."

We ought to be "good"—that is, true to ourselves and our ideals—because it is the only sensible thing to be. Even from the selfish standpoint, it pays to be "good." Every evil we do hurts ourselves most. Every evil emotion debases us spiritually, physically. There are heaps of practical instances of this truth in everyday life. Violent anger is often followed by gout or "liver." Worry brings on headache. Fear may paralyse vitality. Right living makes for the elimination of unworthy emotion. By cultivating kindness and goodwill instead of anger against others we actually gain physical and mental power.

The Power of Good

If we deliberately determine to bring out the best in ourselves and in others, it is a step in the right direction. Every time we do a good turn to another we unconsciously do ten times the good to ourselves. Every kind thought brings its own reward.

One of the first lessons in the art of living is to appreciate and hold continually to

the thought of the power of good in life. So many people waste valuable time deploring the evil in the world instead of trying to make themselves worthy of the world as it is. Seek for the good in everyone you meet, and you will find life gain enormously. Beautiful, unselfish natures attract the good in others, while it is only those who are wrapped in thoughts of self who find humanity dull and uninteresting. Like attracts like. Evil, unkind thoughts are forces which do more harm in the universe than we can possibly know. There is good in every human being. Set yourself to bring it out and you will begin to find happiness yourself. The full, rich life, the life of power and influence is fundamentally unselfish. The selfish character does not deserve and certainly will not win happiness that is worth having. Life is only worth living if we live unselfishly, if we can feel kindness and sympathy for every soul we meet. The dirtiest tramp is interesting if we know how to talk to him. The habitual criminal has something in him that is divine. Human nature is fascinating in all its phases.

Slaves to Convention

The second rule of right living is to demand a high standard from oneself and care nothing at all for unjust criticism or conventional approval. A realisation of the art of living makes for freedom of thought, taste and action.

Many people spoil their lives by bondage to conventional standards. They live in fear of what their acquaintances will think, how the world will judge their tastes and their actions. The only thing we ought to fear is our own intuition of right and wrong—our "conscience." Even in small matters we are slaves to convention. We are afraid to differ from others, afraid to make friends of the "wrong people," afraid to be original, to like what we honestly like and hate what repels us, even if it is "the correct thing" for the time being. Like sheep, we follow the track of the crowd. People's "taste" in furniture, in dress, in art is very rarely their own at all. Only the few dare to be honest, and are generally called cranks for their sincerity. The majority live mechanically by rule and rote, get into a groove and stay there.

THE ART OF RIGHT LIVING

Health of Mind and Spirit

Although the best work is sometimes done by those who, like Robert Louis Stevenson, are handicapped by poor physical health, there is no doubt that the perfectly healthy individual can more easily attain the art of living. The healthy man is more likely to be an optimist. The pessimistic weaklings of the world might be metamorphosed by improved mental and physical health. The first thing is the cultivation of a healthy mind. The healthy mind *makes* the healthy body, because mind and body are one entity and inseparable. Unhappiness—persistent, causeless, chronic unhappiness—is evidence of a diseased state of mind, a pernicious mental attitude. Before we can live happily we must change that mental attitude. We may deceive ourselves by imagining that prosperity, fame, success would bring us contentment. But they would not. Many of the really happy people live in the midst of "limitations," under what we might even call sordid conditions. Happiness is within us. We make our own heaven and our own hell independent altogether of material advantages or disadvantages. We need never pity any human being for being poor in worldly goods, for being ill in health, for being what we call uneducated. The most cultured, intellectual person is often a poor man indeed, spiritually speaking. The millionaire may lack that inner peace of mind and spirit which is true happiness. The charwoman may have it. Anyone of us can have it if we are willing to strive for it. The art of living ensures the gaining of a healthy will, a mind at peace. If your life is poisoned by what you call an unhappy temperament, and what is really diseased will, you must determine to cure yourself. You can win happiness if you like. You can win success in whatever sphere of life you may be placed if you *will* to do so. It means, perhaps, the education of your will from the beginning. It means constant, persistent self-suggestion.

Perhaps you do not realise at all the power of self-suggestion. The meaning of the term is that if you suggest to yourself

often enough any one thought, that thought, good or evil, becomes a part of you. Thoughts and actions both tend to become automatic. Do a thing once and it is easier next time. Do it a hundred times and you do it without conscious effort. It has become a habit, good or bad.

Fresh Beginnings

At any age, at any time, we can form new habits. Every day is a new beginning. Any day we can begin to learn the art of right living. What does it entail?

The cultivation of charity, unselfishness and kindness towards everyone we meet as we pass through life.

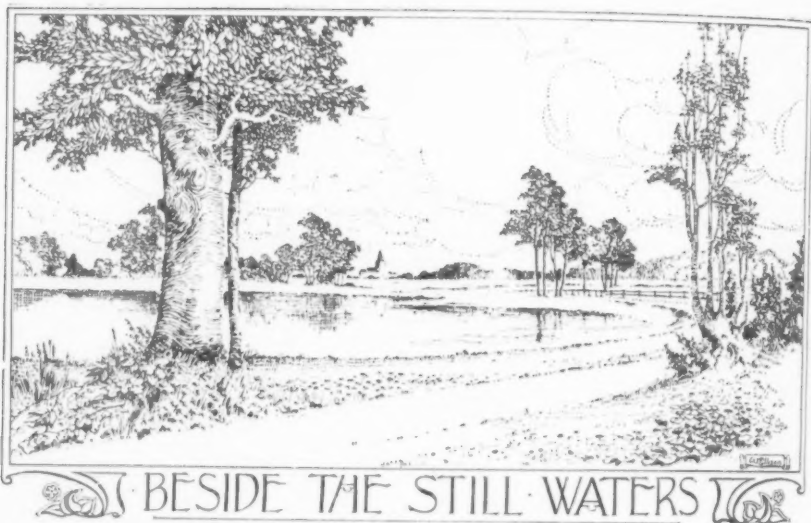
The determination to live keenly, enthusiastically, to do our work to the very best of our ability.

The formation of new habits of cheerfulness and goodwill in place of the old habits of uncharitable criticism of other people.

A determination to see the good in life, to realise the beauty and wonder of Nature, to cultivate appreciation until one becomes good company, not only to others, but to oneself. It is the man who does not understand life who is bored by lack of society, lonely in the great silences.

The cultivation of kindness. The will to do small kindnesses is one of the greatest virtues because it is one of the most unselfish. We are all far too apt to forget the value of the little things of life, the little courtesies and kindnesses, the small charities. We look into the future and long for the opportunity to do great things and are deaf to the cry of distress in our own backyards. We fix our eyes on the far horizon and so miss innumerable chances of doing the little things for others which accumulate through the years and yield a harvest of joy. For the art of right living is to do the small things well, the little kindnesses and charities, the small acts of unselfishness and love. We win happiness only by forgetting ourselves and by thinking of the good of others. And if we do not live for others, the best part of us is dead and life is not worth living at all. It is only the unselfish people who understand the art of living.





Hymn for the Daily Round

LORD, when my heart is fired with zeal
To serve Thee more, and others bless,
But common duties make appeal,
Let me do these with earnestness.

For every part of life is Thine—
Not merely Sabbath and the time
Of prayer and special work divine,
Thou givest toil a touch sublime!

Were this not so, how could I bear
So many precious hours to be
Apart from Thy true service where
All done would have no use to Thee?

Dear Jesus, Thy same pierc'd hand
Hath used the worker's common tools
Years more than those few great and grand
In which Thou gav'st Thy golden rules.

Here, too, is sweet encouragement
That doth new life to me instil—
In all good work the strength that's spent
Doth help Thy purpose to fulfil.

Yet, one thing now I ask is this—
That Thou more power shalt give to me
That I may have the greater bliss
Of giving all the more to Thee.

E. G. RUSSELL MILLIGAN.

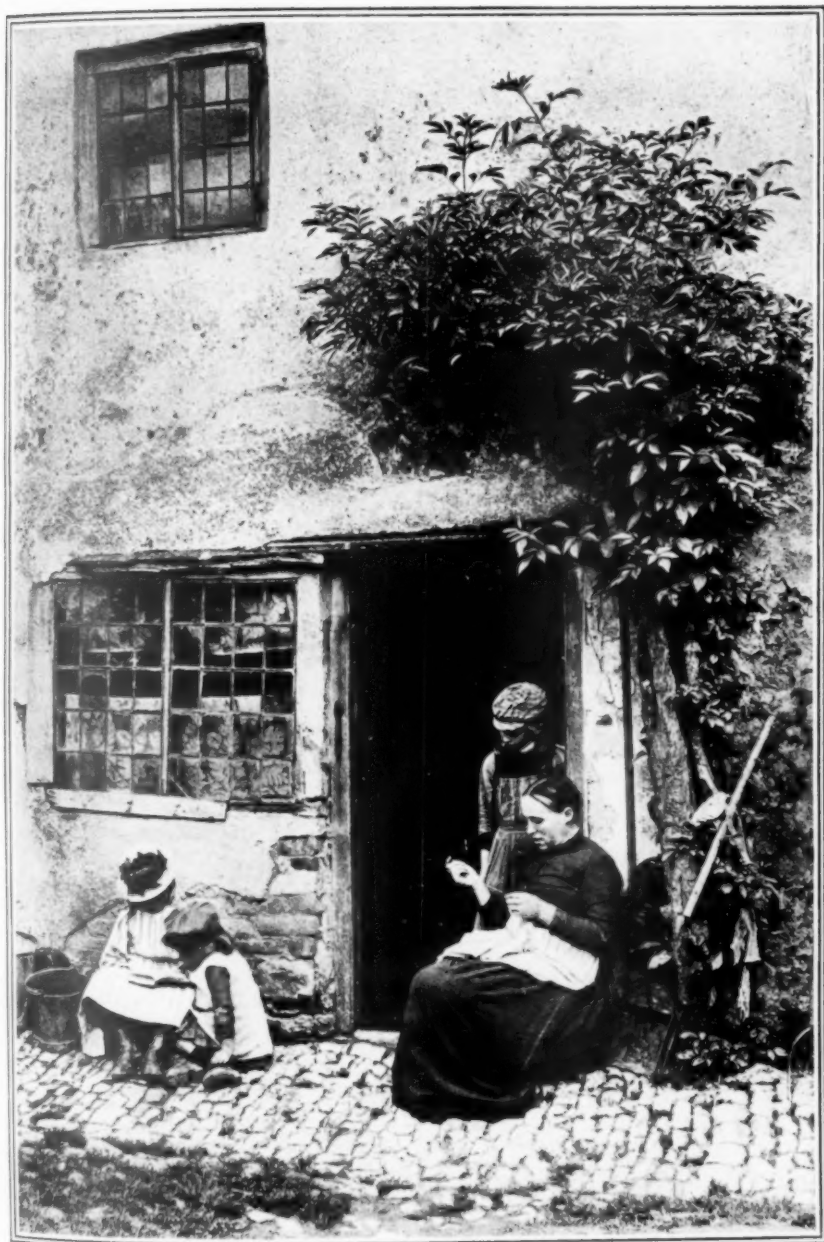
NO cloud can overshadow a true Christian but his faith will discern a rainbow in it.—BISHOP HORNE.

The Power of the Word

A GERMAN missionary from the province of Shansi, China, tells of a man who came to the mission station to buy a Testament. He lived a long way off, and had never seen a foreigner or heard a preacher of the gospel. A copy of Matthew's Gospel had come into his hands, and he wanted to know more of the doctrine. When he arrived at the station the missionary was not at home. The man waited, and in the meantime read the New Testament through nearly three times. When the missionary returned the visitor was ready for baptism.

The Mystery of Tact

MANY frankly admit that they are not very tactful who would not be so ready to admit that they are very selfish. But it has been said with searching truthfulness that "Want of tact is at bottom selfishness, for self thinks and acts only for itself." No one whose supreme purpose and interest in life is to live for others can long be tactless. For tactlessness is simply the failure to think sufficiently about others to enable us to touch them in a helpful way, a considerate way, a sympathetic way. And the person who won't take the time and trouble necessary to this thoughtfulness is selfish, and therefore tactless. The next time we find that we have been lacking in tact, let us ask ourselves what particular piece of selfishness caused the failure.



"A virtuous household, though exceeding poor."
WORDSWORTH.

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Our Example

JESUS clothes Himself with the commandments, and each is transfigured into a grace. He illustrates His decalogue in the washing of feet, and compels His disciples to follow His example. "If I, then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another's feet." It is a Person, not a dogma, which invites my faith; a Person, not a code, which asks for obedience. Jesus stands in the way of every selfishness; He leads in the path of every sacrifice; He is crucified in every act of sin; He is glorified in every act of holiness.—DR. JOHN WATSON.

In the Commonplace

WHATEVER be the conditions which surround you in your work, do it with high thought and noble purpose. Do not whine and complain because of your unhappy lot; but accept it, humble and obscure as it may be, knowing that it is possible to clean out a gutter with the self-respecting dignity of manhood, or to blacken a shoe with the enthusiasm of religion.—HUGH O. PENTECOST.

Life's Look Out

WHEN men travel in stage-coaches in grand mountain countries, some ride in the inside with the curtains fastened down. They see nothing of the beauty of the scenes through which they pass. Others ride outside, and see every grand thing by the way. This illustrates the way different persons go through God's world. Many pass through shut up inside a dark, dismal coach, with all the curtains drawn tight, themselves shut in, and all of God's joy and beauty shut out; others ride outside, and catch a glimpse of every fair and lovely thing by the way. They breathe the fresh air, hear the joyous songs of the birds, see the fields, brooks, rivers, mountains, and skies, and quaff delight everywhere.—REV. J. R. MILLER, D.D.

The Art of Throwing Things Away

IF one wishes a tasteful, orderly house, it is quite as important to know what to throw away as to know what to put in. Articles piled on a mantelpiece merely to fill it up, or articles collected as souvenirs of travel, which have no particular beauty in themselves and do not harmonise with each other, will make the most expensively furnished rooms look tawdry. Such things

accumulate rapidly about the one who has not learned to throw away what she—for it is usually a woman who cherishes her old belongings in this way—does not really want. The safest rule is rigidly to reject what does not fit into our needs, lest we be buried alive under a mass of rubbish.

The same thing is true of the furniture of our minds. How many of us know how to put away our past mistakes, our outgrown opinions? We sit down and brood over a failure and invite it to remain with us. We mourn over our losses until they fill our minds and we can think of nothing else. We try to live again a yesterday that is past and dead and can never be reconstructed, and in so doing we lose the more glorious tomorrow that we might have created. "The good old times!" What useless sighs have been squandered upon them! Perhaps the old times were as good as has been said—perhaps they were not. Of one thing we may be very sure, they are never coming back. "Forgetting the things which are behind," let us press on.

Was it this Year?

A MISSIONARY had preached Jesus in an Indian village where that holy Name had never been heard before. When he was about half a mile on his way home he heard a man calling after him, so he waited. Coming up with him, the man said, "Sahib, this Jesus of whom you have been telling us, when did He die for us? Was it this year or last?" And the missionary wrote to a friend, "I was ashamed as I told him that it was over nineteen hundred years ago."

Sleep

ONCE more we lay us down to rest,
The joys and frets of day are past,
The doubts that worried and oppressed
Our hearts are soothed by sleep at last.

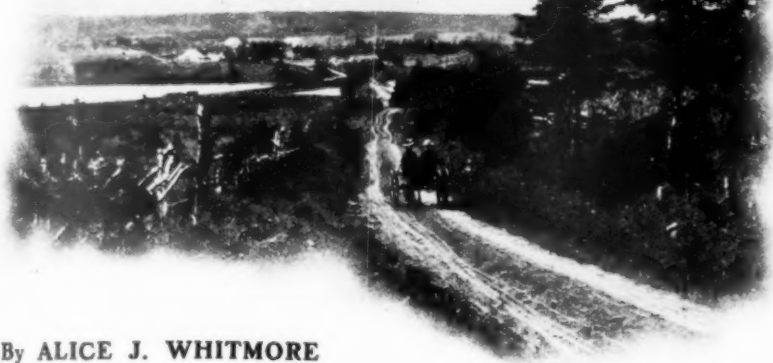
Oft, through a long and dreary day,
Our path with troubles is beset;
And yet with night they fade away,
For sleep can teach us to forget.

And when we wake our griefs and fears
Seem lessened; we've not hoped in vain,
For smiles now take the place of tears,
And joyfully we rise again.

When we have passed our last long night
And earthly clouds have rolled away,
Thus shall we greet the morning light,
The light of the Eternal Day!

LESLIE MARY OYLER.

A PRAIRIE PROXY



By ALICE J. WHITMORE

THE little prairie town was bursting with curiosity. John Staples had been seen driving down the street in his new buggy and dressed in his smartest clothes. He was driving furiously, too, a most unusual thing with him; but on arriving in town he had discovered his watch to be slow. Presently Jim Young, the hardwareman, slapped his portly sides in satisfaction. "Ah, to be sure, I know, so I do. It's the gal from the old country he's went to fetch." At that precise moment John was shaking hands with the beautiful girl who stood on the platform of the little station.

Beside her was a pile of trunks plainly labelled "B. B." She was evidently expecting someone, and was visibly relieved at John's appearance. He greeted her warmly, and his eyes glowed as they rested on the slight, girlish figure so erect and graceful. "I really wondered if he was going to kiss me," she confided to her sister later.

While he was making the necessary arrangements for sending on her trunks Bessie quietly took stock of the man who had come to meet her. She had never seen him before, and she was curious to know what sort of a man it was her sister had married. He was quite as good-looking as she expected from Kitty's description; her husband could never be persuaded to sit for a photograph, so she had said. He was

tall and well built, with a strong, rugged face on which the years of patient toil in winters hard and long, and in summers brief and blazing, had left their mark.

"I'm sure I shall like him," Bessie said to herself. "He's steadfast and faithful, and the brown eyes are kind. But he's not at all the sort of man I thought Kitty would marry." Aloud she remarked: "I was just wondering what I should have done if you hadn't turned up." It didn't come easy to call him by name, somehow. John had a way of looking at her that she found most disconcerting. She was therefore very glad to be seated beside him in the buggy, and her temporary embarrassment was soon forgotten in the delight of novel surroundings. There was something so delightfully exhilarating in the light prairie breeze as it played gently with the little tendrils of her waving hair, and kissed the rose petals on her delicately moulded cheeks, leaving them a shade deeper than before. It polished up her clear blue eyes, too, till they shone like stars. At twenty-six she was more matured than most girls of that age, though she had the heart of a child. Naturally a lover of the beautiful, her sense of it was quickened by the scene spread out before her. Something in this broad, brown prairie so vast and spacious, with the rosy sunset in front and the great

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aloud, for she was naturally very reserved.

"Ah!" She couldn't see the sudden light that leapt to the man's eyes. She only heard a new note in his voice as John replied: "You have felt it too. I'm so glad! It's always like that in the spring when everything is growing. I wonder why it is! I've often wanted to know."

Bessie could not know that this was an unusually long speech for the silent man beside her. Even less did she guess that she was the first person to whom he had ever spoken in that way. But she was much surprised. For she had not been impressed with John's eloquence; she had even found some of his answers ex-

remely stupid. More and more she wondered at Kitty's choice — Kitty, who was fair and fluffy and such a little frivole; did John talk like that to her?

A silence fell upon the travellers, and they drove some distance without a word. Suddenly Bessie experienced a shock. A large hand pressed her own, and something in John's voice almost frightened her: "Ten years is a long time, Bessie?"

He referred to his marriage, of course, and perhaps he did feel sentimental, but — "Ten? I thought it was only six or seven." It was just when I left school." Bessie answered in an indifferent voice, and withdrew her hand — certainly Canadian brothers-in-law had very queer ways! The sun had set now, and she began to feel there was something eerie about this endless prairie.



"At that precise moment John was shaking hands with the beautiful girl who stood on the platform of the little station"—p. 697.

expanse above, so wonderfully clear and such an exquisite blue, stirred her to the depths.

She turned to her companion in rapture: "Oh, how splendid it is! I'm sure I should like to live here. And how it makes you feel! As—as if you were meant for something so much bigger than you can ever hope to realise." Bessie had obeyed a sudden impulse in speaking her thoughts

A PRAIRIE PROXY

Some lights twinkled in the distance. Bessie was to receive another shock.

"That's Mrs. Smith's, who's going to put you up to-night."

"Why Mrs. Smith's? It's not too far to go all the way to-night, is it?"

John did not look at her. "N—no, but I thought maybe you'd rather not. And it's only till to-morrow, you know."

"Oh, I'd much rather go right on! I'm not at all tired."

"But that's how we fixed it," John persisted; "I told you in the letter."

"I never got that letter, then. Oh, do let's go on!"

"But——" John hesitated. "You see it can't be done to-night now, there's no parson anywhere near."

Bessie gasped. She stared at him blankly. "Parson! Oh, what are you talking about? There must be some awful mistake."

"No, there's no mistake." The quiet conviction in John's voice reassured her.

"Then what did you mean about a parson?" Bessie asked.

"Well, we can't very well be married without one," John replied calmly.

Bessie understood now that John was simply having a joke. It was a very stupid one, she felt, and he had not seemed at all that sort of person. But now they were at their destination.

Mrs. Smith, a big, comfortable-looking woman, awaited their arrival at the door, and was entertaining the travellers with true prairie hospitality when, through the open windows, there came the sound of wheels. A buggy stopped, and Mrs. Smith hastened out. The conversation could be distinctly heard inside. "No, she won't stand, I'm afraid. She's from the livery. My own bronco threw me this afternoon for the second time, and I had the two miles to walk into the station. It's my sister-in-law I'm after. Her trunks were there; but, of course, I was very late, and she was gone—where, goodness only knows! They say she went off with a man called Staples. Do you know where——?"

"Why, yes," Mrs. Smith interrupted. "He's right here——"

Bessie did not wait to hear more. Hastily excusing herself, she rushed out, and greeted her brother-in-law with an effusion that astonished him. She bade the bewildered Mrs. Smith "Good-bye," and then she

turned to John. But the joke she was about to make died on her lips, and something in the brown eyes as she held out her hand sent the crimson swiftly to dye her cheeks.

"You're not going?" John asked.

"Of course, I must," Bessie replied. Then, acting on a sudden impulse: "I'm so sorry for your"—she searched for a word—"your disappointment," she said, and was gone.

Like a man staggering under a heavy blow John took his way home.

What had he done that, after all these years of work and waiting, his reward should have been snatched from his grasp even in the act of receiving it? This girl was the realisation of all his dreams. His gay and merry sweetheart, the girl of sixteen who had bidden him farewell on the wharf at Liverpool, those ten long years ago, had developed into a sweet, serious woman.

More than all, she understood. Just a word had revealed that. She was his real mate.

He did not reflect that his attitude was both unreasonable and ridiculous, that he was bemoaning the loss of what was never his, that this girl was a stranger whom he had never met until this evening, and that the real person who was to be all this to him was on her way to him, and only by some mischance had not already arrived. To-morrow he might expect to see her. With a dull pain at his heart he dragged himself to bed.

* * * * *

Bessie's visit was exceeding all her expectations. She revelled in the new experiences, and when winter came the long sleigh drives with her handsome rollicking brother-in-law were her great delight. Bessie loved the swift gliding motion through the clear frosty air, over the crisp sparkling snow. The sunshine was glorious, and the great white silence of the prairie, broken only by the merry jingle of the sleigh bells, had a great charm for her.

It was on one of these occasions that Dick, who never lost an opportunity of teasing her about her escapade with John Staples, told Bessie they would pass the house which, Dick said, "he built for you." It was a new brick house, and stood a little way out of the regular trail.

"Take a good look at it, Bessie," Dick said, "and see what you've missed."

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"What's the meaning of that paper in the window?" Bessie inquired.

Dick stopped the horse, and jumped out quickly. He knew well enough what a paper like that might mean. He went close up and read it:

"I'm very ill," it ran. "If anyone is passing in to town, please send the doctor."

Dick ran into the house, and returned in a few minutes with a grave face. "He's ill, Bessie, and he's there all alone."

"Oh!" Bessie was all concern and sympathy at once.

Dick tied up the horse, and they went in together.

"It's pneumonia, I think. And I'm afraid he's seriously ill," was Bessie's verdict. "You must get the doctor at once."

"But——?" queried Dick.

"I'll stay here, of course," Bessie answered promptly. "I can't drive, and I don't know the way."

"Oh, you're the stuff!" said Dick, and shot her an admiring glance.

The man was undoubtedly very ill. The fever ran high, and he tossed and turned in his delirium. Bessie set to work quickly and deftly to do what was possible to relieve him and to make him comfortable. She was surprised and pleased to find how much she remembered of her training in nursing. It stood her in good stead now. She moved quietly round, setting things in order, when all at once her heart stood still. Someone called her by name. It was the sick man, of course.

"Bessie," he moaned; "oh, why did you go? Won't you come back, Bessie?"

The girl sat down beside the bed, and took the man's hot hand in hers. "Bessie's come," she said. "Here she is." She smoothed his hair gently back from his forehead. "Now, drink this." It was some milk she had found frozen and had warmed for him. "There; that's nice!" She spoke as she would to a tired child. "Now go to sleep."

But the man did not sleep. He was quieter certainly, but Bessie felt sure he was weaker. She put her hand on his pulse. It was very feeble. Oh, was he going to die like this—here, alone with her? Was there nothing she could do? If the doctor would only come! But she knew that was impossible; Dick had hardly

reached town yet. The horror and loneliness of the unusual situation completely unnerved her. She knelt down beside the bed. "John," she whispered very softly. And as she called him by name, even in that terrible moment, she knew it was something other than fear that made her so passionately desire that he might be spared. She knew now why it was that ever since that drive over the prairie with him she had never for a single day been able to put him out of her thoughts.

The sick man opened his eyes, and there was perfect recognition in them now. "Kiss me, Bessie," he asked, and his hand felt for hers.

Bessie could not refuse. She bent over and kissed him. He smiled faintly, and closed his eyes. Then, with a look of almost content, he went quietly to sleep.

"Thank God!" Bessie said it under her breath. She knew that sleep meant a change for the better. It was late afternoon, and the setting sun shone into the room. Bessie sat still, holding the sick man's hand.

The night came on at length, and with it Dick and the doctor. The invalid slept quietly on, and when at last he awoke the doctor gave every hope of his ultimate recovery.

* * * * *

It was a fortnight later. Dick was in town, and Kitty was growing anxious at his non-appearance.

"I've been out to see Staples," he explained when he returned. "He's getting on a treat, and I've promised to drive you out to see him to-morrow, Bessie."

Bessie bent low over her sewing. "I don't think I shall be able to go——"

"Why not? You must." Dick had the guilelessness of his sex in these matters, and Kitty had left the room to see to the supper. "The poor chap'll be awfully disappointed if you don't."

Bessie could not frame a sufficient excuse, but when she found that Dick had arranged to drive farther on and leave her at the house she felt annoyed.

Dick saw her hesitation. "You don't mind?" he asked. "There's the old woman there."

Bessie found John Staples sitting by the open fireplace in the parlour. The old woman, an individual of the "Sairey Gamp"

A PRAIRIE PROXY

type, whom the doctor had sent in to take Bessie's place, was busy doing chores in the back regions.

John's face lit up eagerly as Bessie entered.

"How cosy it looks!" she said, referring to the open fire. "It just makes a Canadian winter perfect. It's the one thing I've missed."

"I had it built for her," John said.

"Ah!" Bessie waited. The question that was uppermost in her mind was going to be answered now.

"I've wanted to tell you," John went on. "She didn't come; she never will now. I went to meet her the next day, but she wasn't there. And when I got my mail in the evening there was a letter. It said that she had changed her mind at the last moment."

"Oh, how cruel! how mean!" Bessie's wrath was stirred.

"It didn't seem to matter at all," John answered quietly.

"But——?" Bessie did not know quite how to frame the question.

"You came," he said simply.

"But that wasn't at all the same thing."

"No, you are quite right," he said; "it was something a great deal better. It will always be different"—he hesitated—"since that night. I shall always have it to remember." Then he paused again. "It ought to satisfy a man, and of course I could never ask you to take her place."

"No, of course not." Bessie was unconscious of the query in her voice.

But John looked up eagerly. "You don't mean——?" he asked. Bessie did not speak. Something in her eyes, however, gave him courage to proceed. "You don't mean that you *would* come?"

John was still very weak, and Bessie's trained eye noted that the excitement was getting too much for him.

Womanly pride gave way to compassion. She went over to his side. "John, dear, I have come," she said.



"Womanly pride gave way to compassion. She went over to his side. 'John, dear, I have come,' she said."

Special Married Life Number

By THE EDITOR

NEXT month will see our "Special Married Life Number."

It was only two years ago that I started the issue of these Special Numbers; it is certainly a further experiment to run two of them consecutively. But, needless to say, the June number will be entirely different from this present issue.

I have been planning the "Special Married Life Number" for many months, and as I glance at the advance draft now in my hands, I cannot but feel that it will establish quite a new record with THE QUIVER.

"Pitfalls of Married Life," by Harold Begbie

First of all, I have been able to secure a strong, living article on "Pitfalls of Married Life," by Mr. Harold Begbie. The author of "The Cage," "Broken Earthenware," etc., has, as everyone knows, strong views on marriage as well as religion, and he has in this article expressed himself clearly and forcibly.

Stories of Married Life

There are four good stories dealing with situations arising in Married Life. First, "The Bane of the Larcombes," by Annie S. Swan. This is described in the sub-title as "The Story of a Nearly Shipwrecked Married Life."

Following this, Mr. J. J. Bell, the author of "Wee Macgregor," etc., writes a beautifully pathetic story of an elderly couple, under the title, "Towards Sunset."

"The Supplanter," by Alice J. Whitmore, is the story of a man and his wife—and another woman; but which one is the "supplanter" is not to be hastily determined. "The Rose Looking in at the Window," by Annie Mabel Severs, treats of a couple who have been married five years.

Of course, there is other fiction in the number, notably the second of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts' Nature stories.

Married Life in Art

Love and war have been the chief inspirers of art from the first; but have you realised how many beautiful pictures have been painted around the incidents of Married Life? Some of these have been collected, and Mr. F. Elias has written the story of "Married Life in Art." It is a beautiful feature of the number, being reproductions of a half-a-dozen or so of typical paintings on the subject.

The Tragedy of the Unasked

Some people will say that it is rather paradoxical to admit an article on "The Tragedy of the Unasked" into a Married Life Number; but wait and read it, and then let me know your opinion of "The Woman of No Romance," about which Miss Mary Costello writes. I am offering One Guinea for the best letter on this rather heterodox article.

"The Bride-to-be"

Here again we are a little out of our province, but "The Bride-to-be and Her Linen Chest," by Mollie Kennedy, is practical rather than sentimental.

Of general articles there are one or two that I should like you to notice—such as "What Women are Doing for Ireland," but I must leave these to speak for themselves.

One word of advice, however: Our March number was sold out a few days after publication (this is written before the publication of the April issue). So please order copies of the June number early.



NEW CHINA:

Its Place in the Tribune of Nations and in the Kingdom of God

It was in 1868, after years of preparation and a few months' fighting, that New Japan came into existence, to develop in a marvellous half-century into one of the foremost naval and military world powers. Forty-four years later, after a similar struggle, China has imitated her Eastern neighbour, and 1912 marks the birthday of New China.

Undoubtedly, the formation of the Chinese Republic is the most important event of this year—or many other years. In the following articles the effects of the Revolution are discussed, and the prospects of New China—industrially, socially, and religiously—reviewed.

I.—AFTER THE REVOLUTION

By C. SHERIDAN JONES

FIRST among the results of the Revolution in China will be the bringing about of an economic transformation of simply stupendous proportions, the like of which our modern world has never seen.

Hidden away in China's mountains and underlying her boundless plateaux are immense deposits of coal and iron. Both have been proved—neither have been worked. Baron von Richthofen, the great scientist traveller, estimates that China has four hundred and nineteen thousand square miles of her territory highly mineralised, with at least six hundred million tons of the best anthracite coal—enough to keep the world busy for hundreds of years. We may add to this almost inexhaustible deposits of iron-ore, the two constituents, be it noted, on which material greatness largely depends.

So far, China has been content to neglect these great natural opportunities. The Manchus have made their development—or, for the matter of that, the development of any industry almost impossible, and they have opposed the extension of trade at every step. Years ago, when Lord Napier was sent by Parliament to negotiate with the Chinese Government "for the purpose of protecting and promoting trade to and from their dominions," the Governor of Canton refused even to accept

the letter his lordship strove to present. "For," said he, "affairs of trade concern not the Celestial Empire to the extent of a feather's down." So, too, when, not so long ago, British capital erected the first railway in China. It ran from Woosung to Shanghai, and great

was the joy of the populace, but no sooner was it completed than the Government bought it, tore up the road bed, and dumped the engines into the river—*pour encourager les autres!*

We have only to glance at the recent speeches of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, to realise that all this belongs to an era that has definitely closed with the passing of the Manchus. Speaking so recently as December 11th, while still President of the Provisional Republic, he declared that the first need of China was a complete system of railways running through all the provinces and serving all the industries of the country. Think what this means! In his fascinating book, "New Forces in Old China," Mr. A. J. Brown dilates on the prospect. It would be impossible to describe adequately, he says, the far-reaching effect upon China and the Chinese of this extension of modern railways. We have had an illustration of its meaning in America, where the trans-continental railroads resulted in the amazing development of the western plains and of the Pacific Coast. The effect of such



(Photo: Newspaper Illustration.)

DR. SUN YAT SEN.



(Photo: Central News.)

YUAN SHI KAI.

THE QUIVER

a development in China can hardly be over-estimated, for China has more than ten times the population of the trans-Mississippi region, while its territory is vaster and equally rich in natural resources. "As I travelled through the land," he continues, "it seemed to me that almost the whole northern part of the Empire was composed of illimitable fields of wheat and

higher than any she has yet experienced, and for European and American traders it means a market such as they have never dreamed of. Already, wherever industry has established itself, the upward movement is perceptible. No longer are the Chinese content to put up with the misery of homes sunk in semi-darkness. They are purchasing American lamps by the thou-

sand. Similarly, mud roofs and floors encrusted with filth are no longer "good enough," and the demand for modern housing materials has already made itself felt.

Yet prosperity has touched only the fringe of China, and that but lightly. The great bulk of the population are as yet unaffected. We have only to remember that that population reaches the gigantic figure of



THE SPIRIT OF NEW CHINA: PEKIN RAILWAY STATION.

millet, and that in the south the millions of paddy plots formed a rice-field of continental proportions." China has not only vast reserves of coal and iron; above any other country on the globe, she has the labour for the development of industry and manufacture. Think of the influence not only upon the Chinese, but the whole world, when railroads not only carry the corn of Hunan to the famine sufferers in Shantung, but when they bring coal, iron, and other products of Chinese soil and industry within reach of steamship lines running to Europe and America.

To make all these resources available to the rest of the world, and in turn to introduce among the four hundred and twenty-six million Chinese the products and inventions of Europe and America, is to inaugurate a new era for one-third of the human race.

This economic revolution means for China a scale of life infinitely broader and

four hundred millions, to realise how tremendous an impetus the world's industries will receive by the opening up of this unique market.

What of the effect on China herself? Great as are the material advantages that promise, these will be dwarfed by the moral gain. Undoubtedly, the foulest blot on the Chinese escutcheon is infanticide. I believe the Revolution will end that horror. As Sir Robert Douglas points out in his "Society in China," in the richer parts of the country the horror is unknown, and it is only in those districts where grinding poverty obliterates natural affection that one reads the awful notice. "Girl babies may not be drowned here." From that grinding poverty China is, as we have seen, to be released.

China will cease to be purely agricultural, she will become one of the great industrial nations of the earth, and there is nothing more certain to my mind than that both

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she and the world at large will benefit enormously.

But the assimilation of Western ideas will not stop here. The Republican leaders are bent upon making their country a great naval and military power, and I believe that within a few years they will have done so. We have only to remember the extraordinarily rapid progress that Japan has made in this direction to see that this is not nearly so incredible as it appears. "What the Japs have done in thirty years," Sun Yat Sen once remarked, "the Chinese, once they start, will accomplish in half that time," and when we remember the unprecedented energy that the Chinese people have shown in suppressing the opium traffic, reducing their cultivation of the poppy by 75 per cent. in three years, we realise the overpowering reserves of energy that the elusive Celestial can bring to bear on any problem, once his imagination is fired.

True, too, Chinese have been taught to despise the soldier; they placed him last in the social scale of usefulness. But the past few years have hammered into them the lesson Europe learned long ago: that no country can afford to despise valour or to neglect its own defences. On this one point—that the army and navy must be reorganised—the Republican leaders are united, as on no other, and Yuan Shi Kai and Sun Yat Sen, the leaders of the official and democratic wings of the reform party, at variance about much, are agreed on the supreme necessity of restoring China's forces to efficiency.

Once again, we need only recall to our minds China's enormous reserves to realise how formidable a power she may

become when organised on military lines. With her mammoth population she could face losses in battle that would stagger any combination of European powers! Nor is this prospect so remote as at first sight it appears. One of the most extraordinary achievements of the reform leaders has been that, while actively at work organising the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty, they were actually preparing for the day when they would themselves be called upon to govern the largest empire in the world. To nothing did they give more unremitting attention than to the problem of military and naval defence. In the book which Dr. Cantlie and I have written, we show how Sun Yat Sen, many years ago, convinced his wealthier fellow-countrymen that the crash would not be long delayed. On his recommendation, they sent their sons to be educated abroad—some at Oxford and Cambridge, some at Harvard. To-day,



THE SPIRIT OF NEW CHINA: PROFESSORS AND STAFF OF SHENSI UNIVERSITY.

Sun Yat Sen and his colleagues are ready with highly trained men, well capable of putting their hands to the task of organising a great army, and they have, we know, ready and waiting a civil service that shall supplant the cruel and corrupt Mandarins, who, more even than their Manchu masters, provoked the most patient people in the world to rebellion.

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One word as to the position of women under the new dispensation. Their status, it is certain, will be utterly changed, and immeasurably for the better. In the great industrial nation now rising in the East the "secondary wife" will be unknown, for women will have opportunities that in

Old China they did not dream of. This fact alone justifies the Revolution, whose inspiration was Christian throughout, and whose leaders, notably Sun Yat Sen, are the products of that missionary enterprise in China which, often criticised and condemned, is now justified of its children.



II.—DOES NEW CHINA WANT CHRISTIANITY?

By Mrs. ASHLEY CARUS-WILSON, B.A.

A HUNDRED years ago Napoleon said of China, "There sleeps a giant. When it is moved it will move the world." Fifty years ago China's famous Prime Minister, Wen Hsiang, said to Europe, "You are all too anxious to awaken us and to start us on a new road, and you will do it, but you will all regret it, for once awakened and started, we shall go fast and farther than you think—much farther than you want."

"No," must have been the answer in Napoleon's day to the question, "Does China *want* Christianity?" "Yes," must be its answer to-day. To the different question, "Does China *need* Christianity?" the Christian's answer must always be "Yes" and the unbeliever's "No," and neither answer calls for explanation, though logical people will always ask in vain for an explanation of the attitude of professing Christians who vaguely say that if any rays of brightness illumine China's own religions she can dispense with the Light of the World. Here, however, we are not concerned with the principles which inspire missionary effort, but with the actual condition of the greatest field which the Church has ever entered.

Whilst we have been absorbed in watching the fight which has resulted in the establishment of the Chinese Republic, it must not be forgotten that this was only one of the struggles in which this vast state has been engaged. Really China has been in the throes of a four-fold crisis, of which some faint idea may be formed by trying to imagine England's condition if all these great events in her history had been sudden and simultaneous—the introduction of Christianity, the Renais-

sance and New Learning of the fourteenth century, the political revolution of the seventeenth century, the industrial revolution of the eighteenth century, and the establishment during the nineteenth century of a complete system of popular education.

We have seen something of what the Revolution means, politically and industrially.

The Educational Problem

Educationally, China has been impelled to startling and decisive action by Japan's success as a Westernised power, against herself fifteen years ago, and against Russia seven years ago. In accordance with the advice given in 1887 by Prince Kung, and since then by Chang-Chi-Tung, the incorruptible Viceroy of Hupeh and Hunan, and by Kang-Yü-Wei, the "Modern Sage," in his memorable interview with the Emperor Kwang-su, she has determined to receive with open arms the wisdom and science of Europe. An educational scheme about 4,000 years old, a system of competitive examination 1,200 years old, were swept away by the Edict of 1901, and by "the most comprehensive intellectual revolution in the history of mankind" modern schools for boys in 1903, and for girls in 1907, in which all higher subjects shall be taught in English, have been set up throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The Religious Crisis

The religious crisis is the greatest and most momentous of all, for Chang-Chi-Tung's earnest counsel to restore Confucianism must prove impracticable. The Christian China that is to be will, of course, continue to honour Confucius,

NEW CHINA

even as Christian Europe honours Plato. But that his ethical system could never be a satisfying religion was shown 1,850 years ago, when the Emperor Ming-ti dreamed that a radiant being hovered over his palace and interpreted the dream to mean that a Divine Person had been born in the West. The messengers whom he at once dispatched thither did not get far enough to find St. Paul preaching the Gospel of Christ, but found instead in India the Law of Buddha. With this, but in a shape transformed beyond recognition, China has since tried to meet her spiritual needs, and it is now obviously played out; while Taoism, which contained teachings finer than any in Confucianism or Buddhism, is even more hopelessly degenerate.

New China wants a *living* religion, and is feeling her way back to the dim yet true faith in the One God, which was her most ancient creed, and forward to faith in Christ in and through Whom the One God may be fully known. And who that knows anything of the power and joy of a living religion can fail to be stirred by a deep longing to aid in her passionate quest?

Men who Know

What, however, does the man in the street think about Missions in China? Whence does he get his idea of them?

In 1910 a leading daily paper contained an attack on them over a well-known signature, saying that "the missionaries do not stand a ghost of a chance of making any headway in China; no honest Chinaman has ever become a convert to Christianity." This did good, for it called out crushing rejoinders from such independent witnesses as Sir W. C. Hillier, Adviser to the Chinese Government, who had spent forty years there, and other unquestionable authorities; and at this very time Sir Robert Hart, whose fifty-three years of public service for the Chinese had covered him with decorations from their Government and ours, was freely spending his remaining strength in advocating Missions, and writing one hundred-guinea cheque after another for missionary agencies. Verifiable facts, with names and dates appended, as we hope presently to illustrate, are all on the missionary side; yet there will

always be thoughtless people who are influenced by loose assertions and misleading generalisations, even when they emanate, as in this instance, though probably few of his readers were aware of the fact, from an avowed and determined opponent of the Christian faith.

Progress of Christianity

What progress has Christianity made, then, in China? We cannot pause on the efforts of the Nestorian Church there 1,300 years ago, or on those of the Roman Church in the fourteenth and seventeenth centuries, or on the causes that led to Christianity being absolutely proscribed in China from 1724 to 1858. When Robert Morrison went there in 1807 as the first Protestant missionary, his Chinese teacher always carried poison, that he might be able to commit suicide instantly if he were detected in the crime of instructing a foreigner, and even in 1842 the number of Chinese Christians could have been counted on one's fingers.

In 1820 Morrison's colleague, Milne, made a forecast, reckoned too sanguine, that there might possibly be 1,000 Christians in China by 1910. When 1910 came there were nearly a million Roman, and over a million non-Roman Christians, the number of the latter having increased fifteenfold in the last thirty years. This rate of progress exceeds even that in India, where our faith has advanced more rapidly during the last generation than in any land in any previous age. For the quality of Chinese Christians, let the thousands of dauntless martyrs who laid down their lives in 1900 speak.

These notable figures are but one segment of the circle of evidence that China wants Christianity. Christian influence, direct or indirect, is at the heart of the whole upheaval to-day. Two out of the three Europeans who started the short-lived, but not therefore ineffectual, Reform Club at Peking in 1895, which was its pioneer, were missionaries. The patriotic scholar (already named), Kang-Yü-Wei, in founding the Pu Tsan Tsu Hui (No Bind Feet Society), followed the lead of Mrs. Archibald Little, and she tells us that her successful crusade against that once crying wrong to Chinese women was inspired by missionaries.

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Two great men are foremost in China just now—Yuan Shi Kai, the first President of the Republic, and Sun Yat Sen, "the Mazzini of China." So deep an impression was made on the former by the heroic death on plague duty at Mukden of Dr. Arthur Jackson, that he has since shown marked favour to Christian enterprise, has presented a hall to the Anglo-Chinese Christian College in Tientsin, and sent his own four sons and a nephew to study there.

Sun Yat Sen is the son of a Mission agent, and was a student in a Mission college: a born, but no mere nominal Christian. Night after night, when hiding in London from enemies pursuing him as relentlessly as Saul pursued David, he went to read the Scriptures and to pray with the rector of the parish. Let those who question whether native Christians, who may die bravely for their faith, can live for their country to good purpose, note that Mr. Arthur Diósy, who knows him well, describes Sun Yat Sen thus: "A true patriot, entirely unmindful of self; his honesty is rigid; his intellect is of the highest order; his courage is great."

The Bible on Sale

Turning from the individual to the community, we come on such facts as these: Over a million copies of the Scriptures have been sold annually for some years past in China, and a league composed of persons promising constantly to carry and frequently to read the New Testament has some thousands of Chinese members.

The Rev. J. E. Denham, of Hangchow, has been incessantly employed, from noon on Saturday to Monday morning, reading the Bible with keen scholars of the Government school, whose time is entirely at their own disposal then. In a Government girls' school at Tientsin, a Buddhist priest read regularly to an enthralled audience his own translations of the Gospels, calling Christ, as they have called Confucius for 2,400 years, "the Master," and giving Chinese names to the Apostles. "We meet Christianity everywhere; it is increasing by leaps and bounds, and it is the best thing for the country." So said soldiers at Hankow

to whom the Bible Society agent was distributing Gospels last November.

Silently but steadily ladies of the highest rank attended the little church at Kienning; and in obedience to a death-bed request, St. Paul's great chapter on the Resurrection was read a'oud at the graveside of a patient from the Pakhoi Hospital by his non-Christian brothers.

One thousand five hundred pounds was contributed to St. Stephen's College, Hong-Kong, by non-Christian parents of its students.

The following incident may stand for a final illustration of Christian influence out-running the missionary everywhere: "A what?" said the Rev. G. A. Bunbury, baffled and vexed, for he thought he knew Chinese after ten years in Canton, but could not make out what was "the great need of China" in the opinion of an eager young man who had never before spoken to a European. He was pronouncing in an altogether unprecedented way the name of Martin Luther, whose life story he had been reading.

There is truly no better way of helping China, as we must all desire to do, than by supporting the Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge. Yet when one thinks of the Bible Society, of the Christian University for which Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil labours so strenuously, of the great missionary societies, Anglican and Nonconformist, whose record in China is so honourable and encouraging, one realises that it is not from lack of channels through which we may claim the privilege of helping in its regeneration, but solely from entirely discreditable ignorance, that so many remain indifferent.

Humanly speaking, it rests with Christendom to determine whether or not the bright day coming for China will have a dark and stormy dawn, because China vainly endeavours to assimilate the fruits of our civilisation without appropriating its Christian roots. Uninformed indifference still disparages missionaries as fanatics, or even maligns them as mischief-makers, but sooner or later the future historian of China will have to say that it was they, and they only, who could save, and who did save, the situation in China.



The HOME DEPARTMENT

A WEEK'S MEALS IN MAY

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

Sunday

Dinner.—Roast leg of lamb, mint sauce, new potatoes, boiled turnip tops. Rhubarb charlotte, custard.

Supper.—Potted cow-heel, lettuce salad. Jam sandwiches.

Monday

Dinner.—Vegetable soup. Remains of mould, baked potatoes.

Supper.—Stewed lamb chops, sauté potatoes. Lemon cheese-cakes.

Tuesday

Dinner.—Roast loin of lamb, mint sauce, baked potatoes. Stewed rhubarb.

Supper.—Cold leg of lamb, tomato salad. Savoury r.e.c.

Wednesday

Dinner.—Hashed lamb, spinach. Boiled suet pudding with butter and brown sugar.

Supper.—Kidney and tomatoes. Fried slices of pudding, golden syrup.

Thursday

Dinner.—Sheep's head broth with haricot beans. Baked bun pudding.

Supper.—Cold pie made from sheep's head, baked potatoes. Baked bananas.

Friday

Dinner.—Fish pudding. Plain boiled rice with cornflour sauce.

Supper.—Fried plaice, anchovy sauce. Caroline pudding.

Saturday

Dinner.—Warm pie. Cold Caroline pudding.

Supper.—Scotch eggs. Onions au gratin.

In the March "Week's Meals," the meat which figured most prominently in our menus consisted of a fore-quarter of Canterbury lamb, and in this number I propose to consider the advantageous disposal of a hind-quarter from an animal belonging to the same family. During this month of May the weather is generally sufficiently cool to permit of the two joints being purchased in one piece—an economical method, both from a financial and time-saving point of view.

There are, of course, many other ways of using these two particular joints than those suggested, but in planning these meals the two points chiefly under consideration are:

Firstly, to provide wholesome and varied meals out of a limited housekeeping allowance; and, bearing in mind that much of the cooking probably falls to the share of the housewife,

Secondly, to arrange that most of the preparations for both dinner and supper can be made at one and the same time, thus ensuring no waste of precious moments in the kitchen.

Roast Leg of Lamb

Full directions as to thawing the meat, if necessary, were given in the March number of THE QUIVER, and provided a plump, finely-grained hind-quarter has been selected, the temperature of the oven is correct, and the leg is frequently and carefully basted whilst it is in the oven, there is no reason why the dinner, as far as the joint is concerned, should not be a success.

Mint Sauce

Can be delicious—or it can be quite the reverse! In the latter case there are gener-

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ally two reasons for the failure: either that the mint is not chopped sufficiently fine, or that it has not been properly dried before it was chopped. When buying mint be sure to choose that which has been grown in a dry place. Much of the mint on the market is grown on damp soil by the side of streams or other water, and such plants acquire coarse leaves which no amount of chopping will convert into palatable sauce. It is best, too, personally to carry home the mint one has bought, particularly in the early summer when the stalks are thin and delicate and the leaves quickly wither. Place the stalks as soon as possible in cold water and stand the jug in a cool, dark place until the time for making the sauce arrives. Pick the leaves from the stalks, discarding those that are not fresh and firm, wash and dry thoroughly, and place them on a small chopping board. Slowly and systematically chop until the leaves have become almost like pulp, then put them into a sauce tureen and sprinkle them, lightly or thickly, according to taste, with castor sugar. Mix well together, and leave for at least one hour. A few minutes before the sauce is required pour the vinegar over, stirring well.

Another method of making mint sauce—and one that ensures the leaves being absolutely dry before they are used—is to place them, after they are plucked from the stalks and washed, on a plate, and stand in the oven or on a plate-rack. When quite dry and chippy, rub them between the hands instead of chopping in the ordinary way. To make the sauce, mix 2 tablespoonfuls of castor sugar with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of vinegar. Let these ingredients stand together for an hour, and half an hour before serving stir in 2 tablespoonfuls of mint dust. When fresh mint is unobtainable, sauce may be made from dried mint, according to the above recipe, but, naturally, the flavour is not so good as when the freshly grown herb is used.

Boiled Turnip Tops

The young crisp tops are plentiful at this season, and there should be little or no waste. Place two large bowls side by side, and fill one with warm and the other with cold water. Wash the greens, a handful at a time, in the warm water, then let them lie in the cold for an hour. Shake all the water from the leaves and plunge into fast-boiling water to which 2 oz. of salt and a tiny piece of soda

have been added. Boil quickly for ten minutes, pour into a colander, extract all the water with a wooden presser, and serve in a hot vegetable dish. In country places, where nettles abound, the tops of these wild plants should be gathered and cooked in the same manner as turnip tops. They provide a very wholesome and delicately flavoured vegetable.

Rhubarb Charlotte

Butter a deep pie-dish, and line the bottom with slices (fresh or stale) of thin bread and butter. Wipe, peel, and cut the rhubarb into two-inch pieces, and place a layer of fruit on the bread and butter; sprinkle with sugar. Fill the dish with alternate layers of bread and butter, fruit, and sugar, letting the last layer be of bread. Make $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of syrup by boiling some of the fruit with sugar and a very little water; flavour with lemon and strain over the charlotte. Bake in a moderate oven for three hours. This sweet may be eaten hot or cold, but in either case it should be turned out of the pie-dish and sprinkled with sugar as soon as it is taken from the oven.

Potted Cow-heel

This recipe, culled from an old cookery book, does not always at first sight meet with the approval it deserves; but I can, with the utmost confidence, recommend it to the notice of the thrifty housewife. The economical outlay (for a cow-heel usually costs fourpence, and two will provide meat for "potting"—or, in modern cooking parlance, moulding—and excellent soup), and the assured appreciation of the results, are well worth the not-over-great time spent in preparations.

When purchasing the heels, instruct the butcher to clean them and dispatch to the house fully dressed for boiling. Fill a fish-kettle with cold water, add salt, and lay in the heels. When the water boils, draw the kettle to the side of the stove and let the contents simmer for six hours. As practically no attention and very little heat are required, the fish-kettle can be placed on the stove after the preparations for the evening meal are completed and left there "to cook itself" until the following morning. On opening the kettle a thick layer of fat will be seen, and this must be taken off and carefully reserved, as it is excellent for making pastry, dripping cakes, or as a frying medium. When the fat

THE HOME DEPARTMENT

has been removed, stand the kettle on the stove again and let the jelly gradually warm until the heels can be taken out and the liquor strained. Measure off a pint of this, put it into a small saucepan with a small onion, any approved herbs, peppercorns and salt, and simmer for half an hour.

Cut all the meat off the heels in neat slices and lay them in a basin or mould. The outside layer may be composed of alternate slices of meat and hard-boiled eggs. The quantity of meat placed in the mould depends on the individual taste of the consumers, and whether much or little jelly is liked. Strain the flavoured stock over the meat and stand in a cool place. When required, turn out of the mould and garnish with beetroot and little heaps of shredded horse-radish. Any meat which is left over may be dipped in egg and breadcrumbs, or batter, and fried.

The rest of the stock will, with vegetables, barley or rice, provide good soup for Monday's dinner.

Stewed Lamb Chops

Cut as many chops as are required from the loin, dip each quickly in and out of cold water, dredge with pepper and salt, and sprinkle lightly with flour. Take a thick iron saucepan, and for every chop to be cooked put in a tablespoonful of stock or gravy, then lay the chops in, side by side in a single layer. Put on the lid and simmer, very gently, for one hour, turning the chops when they are half-cooked. If the gravy should dry up, a spoonful or two may be added, but this only occurs when the chops are cooking too quickly.

The pastry for the jam sandwiches and lemon cheese-cakes can be made on Saturday. Monday morning generally brings duties other than cooking.

Home-made Filling for Cheese-cakes

This should be prepared when the opportunity for obtaining the ingredients and a spare hour present themselves, and if stored in a cool dry place it will keep for years.

Wash and dry two large lemons, take the rind off with a coarse grater, and clean the grater with a few fine breadcrumbs. Strain the juice of one lemon, and add this, with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of castor sugar. Beat six eggs (they must be new-laid, and some cooks prefer to use the yolks only), and pour them into a jar with the lemon, etc., adding $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of fresh butter.

Stand the jar in a saucepan containing three inches of boiling water, place on the stove, and stir until the mixture is as thick as honey. Tie down in glass jars. When making cheese-cakes half-bake the pastry cases, put in a little of the lemon mixture, and return to the oven to finish cooking.

Savoury Rice

Put a small teacupful of Patna rice into a pint of stock with a small onion, a carrot cut into dice, and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of butter. Let the rice stew very gently, preferably in a double saucepan, until it has absorbed all the stock. Beat one egg with $\frac{3}{4}$ pint of milk, stir into the cooked rice, season with pepper and salt, pour into a greased fire-proof dish, and bake in a slow oven until the top has acquired a delicate brown colour.

Boiled Suet Pudding

The majority of women, especially those who really know very little about cooking, think that it is the easiest thing in the world to make a suet pudding. Alas, for the vanity of the novice in culinary art! Nothing is more palatable or wholesome than a well-made suet pudding, but what are the effects of the anæmic-looking bullet which is so often presented to us under the impression that we are being served with suitable homely fare? Surely, the origin of the impaired digestive organs from which many of our menfolk still suffer may be traced to those suet puddings with which, in the early days of Queen Victoria, schoolboys were expected to satisfy their appetites before the meat course graced the table.

Those of my readers who have hitherto been unsuccessful in producing a pudding such as they desire may try the following recipe with renewed hopes:

Carefully remove all skin and fibre from the suet, and chop it as finely as possible. To $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of suet, allow the same quantity of both breadcrumbs and flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of baking powder, and a pinch of salt. Mix these ingredients thoroughly together in a large basin, stirring with a long-bladed knife, then add, gradually, sufficient cold water to make a stiff paste. Herein lies the secret—most failures are due to a too large proportion of water and consequent overmoistness of paste. Grease a pudding-basin and fill it three-quarters full with the mixture. Cover first with a greased paper, then with a

THE QUIVER

floured pudding-cloth, knotting the ends of the cloth at the top. Do not stretch the cloth too tightly, as the pudding should rise considerably. Plunge the basin into fast-boiling water, and boil for at least three hours. This pudding—as are all of its kind—is lighter when steamed, in which case it should be cooked from four to five hours.

Instead of the usual jam or golden syrup accompaniment, melt a little piece of butter on each slice, and sprinkle with brown, preferably Barbados, sugar.

Caroline Pudding

Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour, a pinch of salt, and a

teaspoonful of baking powder in a bowl; rub in 2 oz. of dripping, add a flavouring of nutmeg, 2 oz. of currants, and the same of sugar. Mix well, then stir in an egg beaten in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk. Put in a greased baking-tin, and cook in a warm oven for three-quarters of an hour.

Onions au gratin

Grease a small baking (fire-proof) dish, and fill it with alternate layers of sliced Spanish onions and breadcrumbs. Place some little dabs of butter on top, and cook in a warm oven for an hour and a half. Sprinkle thickly with grated cheese, and return to the oven for a few minutes.



The Women's Work Bureau

Conducted by "WINIFRED"

This Advisory Bureau has been started with the object of helping all girls and women who may need advice as to the best course to pursue with regard to their work, who wish to be trained for a definite calling, want assistance in some difficulty, or who desire information on any point connected with women's work.

There are no fees, but those requiring any information must enclose 6d. postal order (which should be crossed), and a stamped envelope, when a reply will be sent them by post. All communications must be addressed to "Winifred," THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

THE TEACHING OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY

THIS is an occupation which can be unreservedly recommended for many and varied reasons. To begin with, there is a steady and increasing demand for these teachers; it is essentially "womanly" work; it is work that is of real and permanent value; it is work that in itself must appeal to the average woman, for it comprises so much that is innately attractive to women of all ages. Domestic Economy demands many attributes from the successful teacher—scientific knowledge, a good education, tact, resourcefulness, technical skill, and a power of imparting knowledge. No girl under eighteen should take up this work, and it offers a good chance to older women who have been well educated.

The Branches of Domestic Economy

These are, of course, numerous, and it may be said that the more subjects mastered, the

better the future pay and prospects, though naturally most workers specialise. The subjects include: Cookery, housewifery, needlework, laundry, dressmaking, hygiene, elementary chemistry and physics, and the general care and management of children and of households, and the keeping of accounts. Those who do not wish to take an extended course can, and the majority probably will, take certain subjects only, such as housewifery, cookery, laundry, or dressmaking, as these are the things most in demand, and diplomas obtained for them are recognised by the Board of Education. It may be said that examinations for the diploma are conducted in the schools by outside examiners, and these examinations consist of papers on the theory of the different subjects and of various tests in practical work and in class teaching. Diplomas thus gained are awarded by the individual school, and are provision-

THE WOMEN'S WORK BUREAU

ally endorsed by the Board of Education. After two years' work these diplomas are finally recognised by the Board, should the reports of H.M. Woman Inspector have proved satisfactory. (Incidentally, it may be mentioned that this mode of procedure has caused the establishment of County Inspectresses or Superintendents to visit the centres in the charge of young teachers, and has, of course, opened up a new avenue of employment for the experienced teacher.)

Training

The length of time spent on training will of course depend largely on the subjects taken, and on the end in view. The ambitious girl or woman will spend her time, money and herself willingly on her training in order to reap the reward in a better post and increased pay in the future. The period of time may be said to range from three months to three years. The cost varies greatly, according to the number of subjects taken, so that it is difficult to quote an average. Roughly speaking, about £50 should be reckoned for the two years' training, or £70 for three. Those who intend to take up teaching, should not take less than two years to train, though separate subjects can be studied in considerably less.

Openings when Trained

These increase from year to year, and as the scheme is likely to develop enormously, the opportunities will improve, not lessen, with time.

1. In secondary schools, where there is an increasing demand for these teachers. The classes are not very large, and salaries range from £100 to £120.

2. In elementary schools. For this two years' training is essential, as the London County Council will not employ those who have trained for a shorter period. These posts have great possibilities, as there are better appointments, such as superintendents or inspectors under the London County Council. The children attend one half-day a week, and the classes never number more than eighteen. Salaries vary from £100 to £120.

3. Technical classes. These are held in the afternoons or evenings, and are for adults over sixteen years of age. Pupils are prepared for the City and Guilds Examinations.

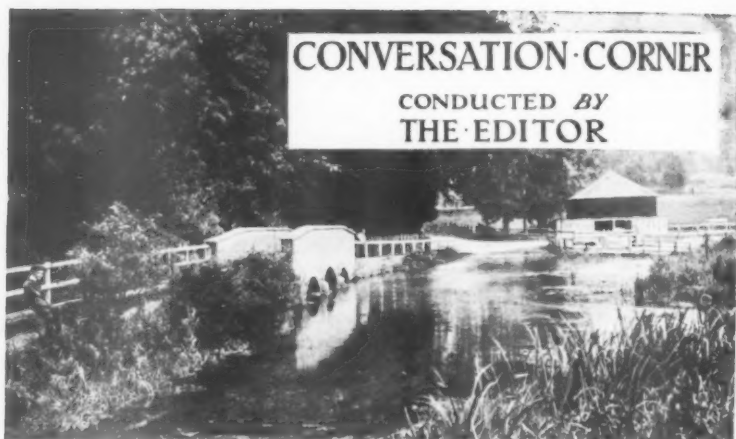
There is a steady demand for teachers of such classes in the country towns.

4. Day schools for Domestic Economy, which train girls who have passed the Sixth and Seventh standards in elementary schools. Salaries usually range from £90 to £140.

5. There are many openings also, especially for teachers of cookery who can give lectures and lessons, and who can, as many do, start schools of their own. In fact, it may be said that few, if any, women have so much scope for the exercise of their knowledge as cookery teachers.

It will be seen how many are the positions available for teachers of Domestic Economy. Under Government, County Councils, Education Committees, training schools, and technical colleges for women, are openings to be found. In order to obtain these, it is essential to go through the necessary training at a school recognised by the Board of Education. These are to be found all over the country, and include, amongst others, the Battersea Polytechnic, S.W.; the National Training School of Cookery and Domestic Economy, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.; the Liverpool Training School of Cookery, 23 Colquitt Street; Training School of Domestic Science, Harris Institute, Preston; the Edinburgh School of Cookery and Domestic Economy, 5 Atholl Crescent; the Glasgow and West of Scotland College of Domestic Science, 80 Bath Street. Addresses and particulars of others can be had on application.

Finally, let me quote the opinion of an expert in the March issue of *Women's Employment*, as I trust this will serve not only to confirm what I have already written, but also to emphasise the possibilities of this profession: "In these days of competition and overcrowded markets, it is encouraging to find a profession in which the demand greatly exceeds the supply, and in the teaching of Domestic Economy, not only is the demand for fully trained teachers already great, but it is steadily on the increase. . . . Every girl who takes up this profession should have a thorough belief in the work, and be filled with a whole-hearted enthusiasm for it. . . . It is to be hoped that women will realise more and more what an important branch of women's work Domestic Economy is. It is still comparatively in its infancy, and has a great future before it."



CONVERSATION CORNER

CONDUCTED BY
THE EDITOR

Do I Believe?

ONCE again I am devoting one number of our Magazine to the work of Foreign Missions. In the symposium at the opening of this issue a number of eminent men give their opinion as to the value of the work abroad. You, my reader, have your own opinion on the matter, and if it were expressed perhaps it would be found that you arrive at the same conclusions as they do, but for more unconventional reasons. If I were asked whether I believed in Foreign Missions, I should without any hesitation give an emphatic "Yes," and if pressed for "why and wherefore," I think I might say I believe in them and support them for the same reason that I buy my daily newspaper and my weekly review; for the same reason that I delight to walk briskly over the southern downs, to gaze up at the stars on some frosty night, or to drink in the beauties of a field of buttercups on a sunny day; for the same reason that I love my Emerson and Robert Louis Stevenson.



The World Outlook

FOR these things give me spaciousness; they take me out of the narrow rut of conventional goings and comings, and teach me that there is a wider world than that of the morning breakfast, the daily task, and the evening rest. My newspaper tells me what is going on in the great round world; it broadens my outlook and heightens my sky; the broad clean stretch of the moor and sea does the same in another way; it brushes

away the cobwebs of my brain, and destroys the illusion that life is a thing at a desk in a room surrounded by four walls; an hour with Emerson or Stevenson is a lifting of the roof of my mental life. All these diverse elements are so many factors in the struggle to break away from the narrow, stereotyped setting into which all our lives tend to run.



The Optics of Missions

NOW, why do I include Missions with daily newspapers, starlit skies, "Virginibus Puerisque," and fields of buttercups? Precisely because they have the same effect. You, my friend, are a district visitor or a Sunday School teacher, the sojourner in some country corner, or the denizen of some dreary industrial centre; you find your particular task engrossing or monotonous, exciting or distasteful; you are filled with despair at the failure of one scholar, at the moral delinquencies of one small parish. Listen: here are whole countries with millions of people facing the eternal issues; right before our eyes is progressing on a gigantic scale the eternal struggle between right and wrong, truth and error, God and the devil. While you are rejoicing or sorrowing in your small way, a nation has been awakened to light in China, Christian and Moslem are engaged in a neck-to-neck race for supremacy in Africa, Japan is searching for a religion, and Russia is stretching out feeble hands for a living faith. These things are happening before our eyes—and we can help to decide the issue.

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CONVERSATION CORNER

Broadening the Skies

MY friend of the narrow round, are you heartily sick of your circumscribed beat? Why not attach yourself to one of these great enterprises? Work for it, live in it, if only from afar; learn about it, pray for it, and you will be surprised at the elevation it will give to your outlook, the strength and serenity it will lend to your workaday life.



The Heathen at Home

BUT now I am reminded of the heathen at home. Well, you will always have them, and are you going to neglect the wheatfields of Canada because your back garden wants weeding? What is the attitude of the business man? Tell him that it is pure folly to open up markets in India, Africa and the Far East whilst there are so many at home who might but do not buy his goods. He will tell you he is fully alive to the necessity of exploiting the home market to the full, but these new virgin fields abroad are tremendously rich in possibilities which cannot be expected from the well worked fields of the home country. Apart from relative yield, every source must be tapped to make the grand final total.



Why I Believe

SO, why do I believe in Foreign Missions? Because if the Gospel is good for us, it is a thousand times more good for those who have not had our opportunities; because from the Imperial point of view, it would be criminal folly on our part to allow hordes of Chinese and Hindus to acquire the secrets of our civilisation and our armaments without also providing the safeguards upon which we may one day have to rely from horrors more terrible than the Goth invasions and the Moslem outbreaks; because to be interested in a disinterested way in the fate of one poor little heathen in a far-off city may contribute to that dignity of soul, that broadening of the mind we all so much need, and do a little to save us from the spirit of pettiness and self-centredness which often attacks even the best of us.

"This is what I Need"

BY the time this reaches the majority of my readers, the time limit for "The Quotations Competition" will have expired. As I write, the entries are coming in in shoals, and the work of opening and classifying is not a light one. There have been many letters included in the entries—some kind, and some strange! Will readers who have written, please accept my thanks for their letters, which I have not always had the time to answer individually. As I write, for instance, there comes an entry from India. Folded in with the Quotations is a cutting from an advertisement in THE QUIVER of a well-known Sheffield firm of cutlery makers. Underneath the illustration of a complete set of cutlery my correspondent has written: "This is what I need." She hopes she will be successful, and has faith enough to choose her own prize! Of course, my first impulse was to rush out of the office and order a case of cutlery to be dispatched by next steamer; but, after all, even an Editor is subject to ordinary economic laws, and generous impulses have to be resisted sometimes!



What would You Like?

"THIS is what I need," says my sanguine competitor. I can, at least, bear the suggestion in mind for another competition. A case of cutlery will appeal to many other people, I expect; but is there anything else you would choose in preference? Please write and tell me, and—still more important—suggest a new competition for which this could be one of the prizes! We have had Albums, Dolls, Toys, Quotations: what is to be the next turn?



My Next Number

I CONSIDER my June issue—the Special Married Life Number—so important that I have devoted an odd page earlier in this issue to telling readers some of the features. Please make these two Special Numbers known to your friends.

The Editor



Unhinged the iron gates half open hung,
 Jarred by the gusty gales of many winters,
 That from its crumbled pedestal had flung
 One marble globe in splinters

Flood



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The COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

Conducted by ALISON

Motto By Love Serve One Another

How, What and
Where Cover,
May, 1912

A MERRY, golden month to you, Companions all, for this new May! This is the anniversary month of our Scheme, you remember, and it is just two years since we adopted little Violet and entered on the work that has become so interesting and happy a bond between us. It is the missionary month of our magazine, also, and therefore a most appropriate time for us to report news of our children and to try to enlist new helpers. This beautiful May-time is the time of growth and achievement all about us outside, and I think we all must want so much to find ourselves and all our interests becoming nobler, and growing in true beauty as well.

I do not know what the others who are writing articles for our special number are saying about the great missionary enterprise, but I feel sure that someone will be telling of its growth, of how the fascination of that wonderful charge which Jesus Christ gave to His followers—to tell everybody about Him—is growing stronger over the boys and girls, and young men and women at our universities, and how many of the most brilliant of them are giving their lives to this great privilege of being His ambassadors. Perhaps some of our Companions are among them?

Sky Pilots

It is curious how the subjects for our Chat are fitting in with each other this month. Our competition papers are about Canada; we have letters from two of our children over there, and the little suggestion I have to give about the missionary question is also concerned with that country. I know that a large number of you are already helping in various phases of mission work, and I am not going to ask you to touch any more now. But I do want you to think sometimes of the brave men who are busy as "Sky Pilots" in the far west of Canada, and in the lonely places of Australia and others of our

Colonies where our boys and girls and older people set out to make their fortunes. All our grown-up Companions have, I expect, read that vigorous story of Mr. Ralph Connor's called "The Sky Pilot." Someone says "No." Then please do so. It describes a life that is the life of ever so many heroes of the West to-day, and there are many places waiting for others like him to fill.

We have one "Sky Pilot" among our Companions, I am proud to remember. You won't all have forgotten Mr. Lewis's letter, and perhaps some of you are like me in wishing for another. It is a life that calls for pluck and manliness, and every high quality of brain and nerve and character, and it will be long before these men are not especially needed in Canada.

You see, so many of the new homesteads and farms are long, long distances apart, and away from the towns and places where the churches and teachers are, and if there were no "Sky Pilots" to travel round from farm to farm and from settlement to settlement, then often our friends and people would be without a minister to help them in their sorrowful hours and in happy days; no one to arrange public services for them and to remind them of God and His love; and sometimes life is very hard for the new settlers, and it becomes terribly easy for them to get out of the way of worshipping Him and to live without thinking of Him.

So really, you see, our Colonial missionary work is very important, and when, by and by, you are planning out what to do with the share of your income that is to go to God's service, I hope you will be sure to think of the "Sky Pilots" and see that they have all that is necessary for the great work they are doing.

Two Letters from the West

At last there is a letter from David. "I think you will agree," says the one who addressed the envelope, "that for a little chap he has not put together a bad account of his life and experiences." And now for the letter, which is very well written for a small boy:—

THE QUIVER

"MISS ALISON, DEAR FRIEND,—

"I am quite well and happy. I would have wrote to you before, only I lost your address, so I am going to send this to Mr. Owen, and he will send it to you. I have lots of slay rides. I had a good time at Christmas. I had a pair of braces and two handchiefs and a pair of mitts for Christmas presents. I went to Mrs. S——'s mother's for Christmas. That is the woman I am staving with. She has two brothers. One is about my age, and the other is older. I have good times with them. Mr. and Mrs. S—— have a team of horses, and a calf and a cow and about twenty chickens and a nice big dog. There is a dear little girl at the place where I am staying. She is a year and three months old. I have some good times with her. I went to a box social and a dance and a Christmas tree with Mrs. S——. I had some good times there. I go to church and Sunday school and week-day school. Mr. Sharp is my teacher. There's lots of snow in Canada now, and we had some pretty cold weather. I like living on the Farm. I feed the chickens and carry in water and wood and have some pretty good times. I have a little slay of my own. I am going to close my letter now, from your friend,

"DAVID."

And now, can you picture him better, having such "good times" and busy with the water-carrying and the wood-getting, and that dear little baby to amuse, when he is not at school? How jolly for him, and how much better for him than the life as it might have been! We must hope he will become a farmer of whom Canada may be proud. He, too, is with very kind people. How lucky our children are in their friends!

Violet's Letter

Here is Violet's last epistle:—

"DEAR ALISON,—

"I received a copy of THE QUIVER at Christmas time and read your letter in it. I thank the members of the Corner for their lovely gift, the scrap-book. I shall always take good care of it. Now I will tell you how good Dear Old Santa Claus was to Helen and myself. I had twelve presents, and Helen had twelve too. I passed at school exams. I am in the Junior H. I am going to tell you how we go tobogganing. We wear moocasins on our feet, wool toques on our head, and wool golf jackets and mitts. Our toboggans are from 6 to 9 feet long, flat, and turned up at one end, and cushioned; they cost from \$4 to \$100 according to size. The slides belong to the City Street Railway, and you have to pay so much an hour for sliding. It is built like a bridge on top of a steep icy slide down about 50 feet and a run of 200, then another drop of 10 feet, and another run of $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile. Hundreds go every afternoon, and in the evening it is all lit up with electric lights, like daytime. I wish I could send you a picture of it. They do look so nice with different-coloured coats and caps. We get lots of cutter drives now to school. Puggy won't let anything get ahead of the pony that he doesn't bark at it. We have such fun with it. I have a pet kitten and two birds, canaries. Living is very dear this winter and fuel, and a number out of work people that have no trades. It has been very cold all January, sometimes 22 below zero, but people didn't mind it so badly. Thank you for your kind letter. I remain, yours sincerely,

"VIOLET LITTLE."

Certainly the Canadian life seems to agree with Violet, does it not? We must all be really very glad of that.

I am reminded by this letter of our Badge. You will see by the illustration what it is

like, and I am now wanting orders to come in very quickly. Wearing the Badge will, no doubt, lead to questions by your companions and acquaintances, and that, I hope, will mean widened interest and new friends for us. By the way, some of you say occasionally, "I know very few people who take THE QUIVER, so I cannot get many new members, I am afraid." But may I suggest that some of your friends might like to take our magazine regularly if you let them see your copy once or twice? Try showing it to as many as you can, and see what happens.

My Letter Box

Now for the contents of my letter box. It is full of interesting things—but it nearly always is!

First of all, see this kind note from our friend Mrs. Gregory, of Derby:—

"MY DEAR ALISON," she writes, "I have again great pleasure in sending you 3s. for little Violet. I thought of a new way to get the money. I have 'The Rosary' and the rest of Mrs. Barclay's books, so when friends borrowed them I charged them a penny, and that has brought me in 3s. I hope the children are going on well. I have not yet seen the March number. I always turn first to your Corner. Kindest regards."

Mrs. Gregory's plan is excellent, isn't it? Which of my other helpers has adopted it? Someone was telling me that she had charged a halfpenny for her chums to read her books. I think I know who.

A fat budget of letters lies with my receipt book, waiting acknowledgment. Let me read parts of some of them for you.

Emily Pretsell (Loanhead) writes:—

"Mother has given me two shillings to send to you because I am saving up my Saturday pennies to give my only uncle a present when he is married in June. I am to be a bridesmaid. I live at a farm, and I have to drive four miles to school every day; sometimes it is very wet and stormy. We have a lot of little lambs, and two of them are black. We have also got a calf, and we expect to have some chickens next week. Our house stands on a hill facing the Pentland Hills, and it is very windy sometimes. I have got a dear little sister, and her name is Betty; she is two years old. Daddy has bought a motor and we are going out to-day. I wonder if I shall see Jamie Crawford. I know her. I hope the next money I send will be all my own. I like to have all the letters in THE QUIVER read to me every month. Violet writes a nice letter."

And so does Emily, and we are very glad to have her among our new Companions. She and Janie will be able to talk over all our Corner business together at different times; that's the charm of friends being Companions together.

Mary Smith, who also sends a gift, lives in three miles from her school. Her home is in that busy northern town, Carlisle. From Glasgow comes another gift. Janelle Murray was very delighted with the prize she won.

"It is the first I have won in the Corner, but I mean to work hard that it may not be the last,

COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

Mother was so pleased that I won the Junior Prize in 'The Place I Live In' competition. It is, I think, such a nice plan to try to help the three little children who, to judge by their portraits and letters, are so jolly. As I am only a schoolgirl I have not very much pocket-money, but Mother says that every little helps, so I am sending you a sixpenny postal order. It is a very small offering, but I trust you will not think it too little. When I grow older I may be able to send more. I will try."

No gift is too small to help, and one of my happinesses in our work is that so large a part of our income is made up of the little gifts which come with much loving thought accompanying them. How delightful it would be if every Companion who does not now contribute to our Fund could send even a tiny mite! and how splendid it would be if our gifts could all grow with our age!

The next letter comes from the West. Writing from her home in Ontario, *Kathleen Collyer* says:

"We are going to school again every day now. I wanted to write to you before, but we have all been ill with colds. We had a green Christmas, but it is very cold now, and there is a lot of snow on the ground. We have a dear little kitty which we call 'Fluff.' She is grey, with white face and paws."

I was glad to hear from Kathleen again; how well she is getting on with her writing! Fifty cents was in her letter; can everyone say how much that is in English money?

William Laidlaw sends his gift from Dublin, with a letter. He is busy grinding away for examinations.

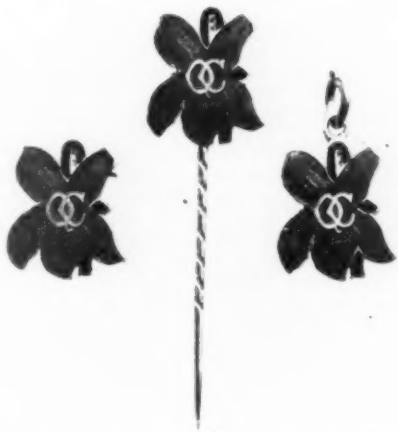
"I enclose 2s. 6d. for our Fund," he writes, "with my best wishes for its strong support. It is splendid to think that we have three *proceeds* now, and I hope our 'family' will go on increasing. Couldn't we have a 'Jumbled Authors' Competition some month, or a Story-writing Competition? I like this sort of competition very much."

We'll see, William.

Eva K. Black (Dundee), *Margaret Wood* (Darby) (whose regular contribution is increased by sixpence, "earned by helping

mother"), *Gertrude Ashworth* (Burnley), *Nansi Felix* (Birmingham), *Mabel Richardson* (Weston-super-Mare), *Isabel Taylor* (Invershin), *Peggie Allan* (Bucksburn), *Charlotte Williams* (Streatham), and *Norah Townend* (Acton), who wrote her letter, very proudly, on her daddy's typewriter, are all among the givers to our Fund this month. Thank you, each one. Peggy hints that she was afraid to send in her gift because it was "small" and our list was so long. Let the length only spur us, please, to get it longer! And note what I said to Kathleen. You see, the longer our list and the more money we have the more we can help in our way of service.

OUR NEW BADGE



Here is our new Badge, arranged as a brooch, pin, and pendant.

I want every Companion to have one, and to wear it.

The prices are: - Enamelled on silver, 2s. 6d.; enamelled on metal, 1s.

New Members

Before turning to the other letters, I think I had best introduce our new members. Here is another friend for our Holyhead Group, *Nora Jones* (age 12). *Madge Williams* is busy, I see, and for her sake, as well as her own, we welcome *Nora*. *Edith M. Jones* (age 27) is another Canadian member. She lives in Toronto, and writes a long and very interesting letter, and sends a gift for our Fund. She would like to exchange cards

with some other member. Her great hobby is music. In the farther West we are joined by *Hilda Jeffreys* (age 14; Grandview, Vancouver). In Ireland comes *Robert Murphy* (age 14; Ballymoney), and we are richer by two new-comers near Stourport. In introducing *Doris and Ethel Lamb* (ages 11 and 10), *Isabel Young* writes:

"I expect you will wonder what has become of me. I have a secret on, at which I have been busy. I am only sending you a short letter now with the two coupons and the Essay on Canada, to let you know I hadn't forgotten you; but as soon as I can I will write and tell you all about our secret."

This sounds exciting, and, of course, I am hoping I shall not have to wait too long to hear! *Enid Felix* is Nansi's sister, who has

THE QUIVER

been enjoying our Corner, and now joins us, and they ask if another sister of 7 is too young to join. As you will guess, when acknowledging Nansi's gift, I said "Certainly not." Arthur J. Cartwright (age 17) is a fresh link with Lancashire; he lives at Ulverston. I hope we shall have letters soon from all these Companions.

Some of My Foreign Letters

Ivy Slesser (Christchurch, New Zealand) tells me that she has been seeing the play of *Eagerheart*, which I mentioned some time ago. "It was beautifully done," she says, "and it is the first time a mystery play has been played out here. We hope they will give it again next year."

Eileen and Muriel Nelson (East Kew) wrote me delightful letters from Black Rock. There they were spending their holidays, and enclosed five shillings for our Fund.

"How are our three children getting on?" asks Muriel. "Isn't it lovely, Alison, having three?" She says they were having a fairly cool summer. "On January 9th," she continues, "a shark got into the Half-Moon Bay—that is where we have our bathing box. I saw it swimming about in the Bay only 5 feet from shore. That is the first time I have seen a shark in the water. One of the fishermen shot it in about 18 inches of water. It gave us a terrible fright."

Says Eileen:—

"I think it is splendid having the three children. I thought that was what it would be before you told us! Are you going to keep in the order, Alison: a girl, then a boy? I suppose it would be fair, wouldn't it? I suppose when you go down to the Homes you wish you could adopt all the children. Mother always says the people here don't know what poverty is. I think a badge would be very nice, and I would be very proud to wear one."

Both these letters make me want to accept Eileen's invitation and go out to Australia on a visit!

Yet another Australian letter is from Christina Bryant (Victoria). She was at Chelsea for her holidays. Rowing out in the sunset was her favourite evening pleasure.

"We are told," she remarks, "that you had snow and cold wind in England; we seemed to have a taste of them here. Usually Christmas with us is very warm, but this time it was cold; instead of wearing light summer dresses people were wearing coats."

Clarice Rutland is also another Australian correspondent. Her holidays were passed at Point Lonsdale.

Hilda O'Leary asks if I would like a book of pressed flowers from Grenada, and offers

to send it. I said I should very much enjoy seeing some of her work if she felt able to take the trouble for me. She was so glad about Lena: "She has a very happy face," she says.

"Isn't our Corner interesting now? What with so many Companions writing to you and having lots of letters to answer you must be very busy, I am sure. With love to the Companions, and Violet and David and Lena and yourself, yours affectionately."

Alice King gives me a long account of her recent experiences in Valparaiso, and sends her contribution to our Fund. She has had a lot of trouble, and I am sure we must all wish that she and those dear to her may by now be quite free of the anxiety they have had through illness. It was a great pleasure to have another letter from our old friend Marguerite Foss (Verulam, Natal). She hopes soon to send a photograph.

Letter Prize

I fancy someone is asking, "Who wins the Letter Prize this month, Alison?" It is being sent to Helen Strong (Wheatthampstead), and here is her letter:—

"MY DEAR ALISON,—

"I was so pleased to have your last letter, I like hearing from you so much. I have just returned from a long visit of over five weeks to Holland, where I enjoyed a most delightful holiday, and there is so much I want to tell you about it. I had a five hours' journey from the Hook of Holland to Enschede (my

destination). It was an interesting journey, and I enjoyed it, as the weather was beautiful, but cold. There seemed so many canals, and windmills were scattered over the flat but interesting country. The trees were large and beautiful, and on one I noticed a stork had built its nest. There was a most lovely sunset that morning, and my first impressions of Holland were received under the most favourable conditions.

"Enschede is a small town about six miles from the German frontier. Parts of it are very pleasant, and many of the houses are large and handsome. One day I went with a friend to the German frontier, and from there to the town of Grono. Directly I passed into Germany the difference between the two countries was at once apparent. The houses were built in a different style; more elaborate; the people, of course, talked German; the roads were better, and many other differences were noticeable. I went to Amsterdam one day. It is such a quaint, interesting old town. I only went for a day, but I wish it had been longer. The streets branching from the main street were divided by canals, with bridges built across them, and barges gliding on them.

"In the evening I went to the Opera and saw *Königslieder*. It was the first one I have seen, and quite charmed me. The next morning I went to the Rex Museum. It is a magnificent place, intensely interesting, and one could enjoy hours looking at the fine pictures and wonderful sculpture. Rembrandt's picture 'The Night Watch' has a room by itself and is specially guarded, as last year a man tried to

PHOTOGRAPHS WANTED

I should like to have portraits of every one of the Companions.

Many have sent, but my collection is very incomplete. Will those who have not sent kindly take this hint?

ALISON.

THE QUIVER

IF YOUR EYES COULD SEE

the impurities in your present water, you would not hesitate a moment to install a

"Berkefeld" Filter

which renders all drinking water pure, sparkling, and harmless.

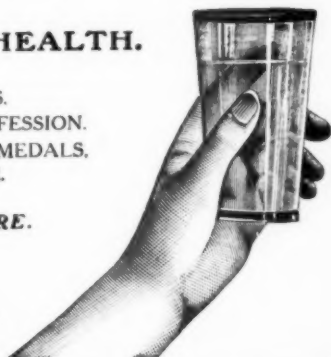
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ACKNOWLEDGED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.
AWARDED SEVERAL GRANDS PRIX, GOLD MEDALS,
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TO BE OBTAINED EVERYWHERE.

Write for Catalogue "P."

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121 Oxford Street, London, W.



IF YOU HAVE
Heartburn, Headache, Gout,
Biliousness, or Acidity of the
Stomach,

Try

HENRY'S CALCINED MAGNESIA.

This remedy was first prepared by Dr. Thomas Henry of Manchester, in the year 1772, and has been before the public for one hundred and thirty-nine years—surely a wonderful record, and proof of its remarkable medicinal value. It is prepared with scrupulous care, and is free from Taste, Smell, or Roughness of the Palate.

One dose will relieve Heartburn, and a few doses will correct Acidity, Gout, Headache, and Biliousness. It is the mildest and safest aperient for the most delicate constitutions, and can be given to children in early infancy.

Sole Makers:

Thomas and William Henry, Manchester.

Price 2/9 and 4/6 per bottle.

Can be obtained from all the leading chemists in the United Kingdom and abroad. United States: Messrs. Schieffelin & Co., 170 & 172, William Street, New York. France: Messrs. Roberts & Co., 5 Rue de la Paix, Paris.

Be Sure that you get
Henry's Calcined Magnesia.

HOOPING COUGH CROUP

The Celebrated Effectual Cure without Internal Medicine

ROCHE'S
Herbal Embrocation
will also be found very efficacious in cases of
BRONCHITIS, LUMBAGO AND
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We Scotsmen are justly proud of our footwear productions. You must know how necessary good footwear is in this land of the mountain and flood. Our pastures are almost always wet, therefore necessity compels well-shod feet, and we believe Scotch-made boots and shoes for vigorous outdoor wear are absolutely the world's best productions.

Built honestly throughout of best selected solid hand-dressed, home-tanned leathers, our footwear is light-weighting, absolutely bone dry, perfectly flexible, and will not tire the most delicate foot.



Norwell's 'Perth' Boots

THE "PERTH" SPORTING FAVOURITE (as above illustration).

Black or Brown, uppers of finest selected waterproof Perth hide, always remain soft, dry, flexible, and never become squelchy in wear—hand-built and sewn by experienced shoemakers, **25s. 6d., post paid.**

THE "PERTH" GOLFING BROGUES

Our golf brogues for either sex are splendid specimens of the shoe-making craft, uppers of waterproof calfskin, seldom crack and never harden in wear, splendidly bottomed, flexible, and therefore non-tiring. **LADIES' 15s. 6d. GENTS' 16s. 6d., post paid.**

"PERTH" special nature-form footwear for children and grown-ups are well worthy of your consideration. Write for our illustrated catalogue B, sent free to any part of the world.

D. NORWELL & SON, PERTH, SCOTLAND.

Established over 100 years.

Send us your foot repairing, returned to you carriage paid. Never mind who sold you the goods, our repairing will please you.



Put the man
behind the boot

COMPANIONSHIP PAGES



FARMING IN CANADA

destroy it by cutting it across, but was fortunately caught in this absurd and wicked act.

"The Dutch people are so kind and intelligent. All the people I met could talk three languages—Dutch, of course, German and English. I felt awfully ashamed that I could speak neither German nor Dutch. In Holland everyone has coffee at 12 a.m., and that is the time to expect callers. The food is very rich—all the vegetables are cooked in butter.

"The only thing I did not like in Holland was to see the poor dogs pulling carts, and sometimes people riding behind. In two years this will be abolished, I am glad to say. The Dutch are all fond of flowers, and they have large conservatories stocked with many plants of various kinds and colour.

"I must stop telling you about Holland now, as there is so much more about other things I must write about (although there is heaps more about Holland I shall tell you next time).

"How silly of me to have mistaken 'Winter Sport' for 'Winter Sports.' I shall be more careful next time. I have very few friends here; I made mine at boarding school, and none of them live near here. But I am going to think of some original idea to raise some more money for our work. I shall think hard about it.

"I have been reading the February and March Quizzes to-day, as I only returned from Holland yesterday, but shall go in for the 'Canada' Competition if I have time.

"I must really end now, as it is very late. Good-bye. From

"Your affectionate friend,

"HELEN STRONG."

I expect Helen saw many a young Hollander like the one in a pretty picture in our Corner not long ago.

And now we come to the

Competition Results

The two papers which I consider the best, on the whole, are those of *Maud Girdlestone-Gill* (age 19; Hove) and *Agnes Husband* (age 14; Leven, N.B.). And these you can now read for yourselves. Some of the other papers were interesting; but such a number of you wrote the boundaries and other geographical details in the way they used to be repeated in the driest of old-fashioned geography lessons, and that style of essay will never win prizes here, Companions,

please note! We don't *talk* to each other or our other friends in that style, do we? It simply isn't *interesting*, and we should become terrible bores if we adopted the plan. In letters and, as a rule, in competition papers, I want you to write in the same simple, pleasant fashion in which I am sure most of you talk with Mother and Father and your comrades every day. But here are the papers:—

Canada

Canada was founded by a Frenchman named Cartier in the reign of Henry VIII. The French were the first settlers. Soon the English emigrated, and then rose the dispute as to which should become the supreme power. General Wolfe was sent to Canada. He made a night attack on the French, with the result that the English won over Canada.

At the present day the government is carried on by two Houses of Parliament. A Governor-General represents the British sovereign. All the provinces share in the election of the House of Commons.

Education is provided for by the State, all the schools being free.

The naval defence is maintained by the British Government.

Canada has been well called "The Empire's Wonderland."

It is made up of large provinces, each possessing its own share of wealth. Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Islands are all valuable for their fisheries. Nova Scotia is one of the great coal-fields of the Dominion, and also one of the chief fruit districts. Quebec and Ontario, with their farms, woods, magnificent scenery, and waterways, and fine towns and buildings, form a grand strong "heart" for the vigorous Canadian nation, growing greater every year.

Manitoba, with its two large lakes, and Saskatchewan form the great wheat-growing provinces.

In Alberta are the cattle ranches. All these are on the mineral-bearing range of the Rockies.

Beautiful British Columbia, fringed with hundreds of islands; lofty mountains; numerous rivers and lakes; long, narrow, well-grassed valleys, with dense forests of gigantic pines, combine to make this province the most picturesque portion of the Continent; while its fertile soil and even temperature make it rich for fruit-growing and agriculture.

To the north and east of these lie the great fur countries in their silent vastness.

Huge lakes, rivers, and forests give immense quantities of fish, fur, and timber: right away to the land of reindeer, and little brown people who catch



A CANADIAN BEAUTY-SPOT

THE QUIVER

seals and have one long night in the winter and one long day in the summer. It was the fish, fur, and timber that were first valued in Canada.

Later came the discovery of the suitability of the soil and climate for farm, fruit, and wheat-growing.

The riches hidden under the soil next attracted attention. Now as the population increases manufactures of all kinds are beginning to use Nature's gifts to supply the needs of the people.

The land of blazing yellow corn, glowing apples and fruit, golden butter and cheese, and silvery salmon—these, with the great, grand woods of the forest trees and the profusion of brightly coloured wild flowers, call to mind a picture such as no artist could ever paint. To visit it is to visit a veritable wonderland.—MAUD BEATRICE GIRDLESTONE-GILL.

Canada

Five years after Columbus discovered America Cabot and some Englishmen discovered Newfoundland. French fishermen went there to catch cod, and from there they reached Canada. In the year 1534 Jacques Cartier arrived at Newfoundland. He claimed Canada for France, and Frenchmen came and tried to settle there. But the French colonists did not succeed until Samuel de Champlain was sent out by Henry IV. of France. He explored and founded settlements and did a lot to help the natives. King Henry did not support him, however, and the English took him prisoner in 1629. He was afterwards released, and died in Canada in 1635. In that year Canada was restored to the French. For more than two hundred years it remained a French possession, but Wolfe, at the head of an English army, regained Canada for the British. Since then it has remained a British possession.

The number of people who live in the whole of Canada is about the same as the number who live in London and its suburbs, although Canada is thirty times the size of the British Isles.

The inhabitants are mostly Scotsmen now [?], but the early inhabitants were Red Indians and Eskimos.

The Red Indians are rapidly dying out; they are scarcely ever seen in the cities and towns of the white man. Here and there are "Reserve Lands," where the Indians alone live. These "Reserve Lands" are tracts of country given to them by the Government. They are allowed to do what they like with that land, and are left undisturbed by the white man. The Indian cannot live a civilised life like his pale-faced

supplanter; he cannot settle down and make a home.

In the future Canada there will probably be no Indians. They will gradually die out, and Europeans will take the place of that race.

One feels sorry for the poor Red Indian, who cannot adapt himself to our ways of living, but who must make room for the newcomers, as they said: "If you cannot live as we do you must, at least, make room for us."

Mining has not been rightly developed yet in Canada, but in the years to come the earth's hidden treasures will come to light, for man could not let them lie hidden long, knowing that they are there.

Owing to the fact that the inhabitants of the "Land of the Maple Leaf" are Scotsmen, that dominion is likely to be most loyal to the "Thistle, the Rose, and the Shamrock," as a Scotsman knows what his country expects of him, although he is not in it.—AGNES HUSBAND (age 14).

I should like to say that, though they did not win the prizes, the contributions sent by the following deserve Special Mention: *Edith Penn, Mildred Thorp, Arthur Cartwright, Kate Edwards, Isabel Young, Mabel Richardson*. My advice to them is: "Keep on trying."

I am not announcing a special competition subject this month, but I am looking for a great many very interesting letters, and the prizes will go to the writers of the most entertaining. I am always delighted when you tell me all about your everyday life and play and work, so you need not go far for a subject.

If any of you wish to write to our children, please send on the letters to me and I will forward them at once.

My love to everyone,

Your Companion friend,

Alison.

NOTES

"ALISON" is glad to welcome as members of the Corner all readers young enough to enjoy the chats. The coupon is in the advertisement section.

The Competition Rules are three only, but they must be observed:—

- (a) One side only of the paper is to be written on.
- (b) The full name and address must be given on the final page.
- (c) Age last birthday is to be stated also.

Foreign and Colonial Companions are allowed an extra month.

A prize is given to every Companion who gets twelve others to join.



The Crutch-and-Kindness League

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

Engineering Oneself

It is a great thing to know how to engineer oneself, so as to make the best of, and bring out the best in one's life. The engineer goes slower on a steep up-gradient, but he makes up for that when he gets to the flat again, and so keeps good time. It is a lesson we are all of us the better for learning, and, so far as my experience goes, there are few ways more helpful than by utilising the influence of Opposites.

The Dictionary as Recreation

A preacher of world-wide fame, for instance, has told us that when he feels rather worn out after a hard day's work he finds nothing so recuperative as reading a dictionary. Another of the same calling in similar circumstances tells us he goes through the pages of a florist's catalogue; while a third has declared that when he has the megrims and feels as if he has broken all the commandments and everybody knows it, then his wife advises him to go visiting among his flock, and he finds all his gifts and graces restored when he has had the good sense to do as he was told. These are all good pick-ups, for the stories in a dictionary are too short and varied to tax the most exhausted brain; a florist's catalogue abounds in vistas such as are never to be seen in nature; and it is impossible to go visiting much without finding many people whose grievances are very real, so that one gets speedily ashamed of the self-created ones we manufacture when we are in the blues. The point is, of course, the benefits which come from the counter-conditions.

It is a bit of philosophy which takes a very wide range. You find yourself rather flat; it doesn't take you long to count your mercies, but you could even sit up of nights to gloat over your miseries. That's the time to take into account some grim realities. You really can't find fault with your bodily condition—you are quite sound in wind and limb; and your children, though they

could possibly be improved in some respects, yet it must be admitted they are healthy bairns. Then just cast your eye with me over some of the lists the Ragged School Union has to prepare from week to week as to cripples' requirements. They run in something of this fashion:

"5003, Cooney, R. C., age 10. Needs splint, crutches, and patten.

"5009, Roberts, W. R., age 8. Needs instrument and surgical boots.

"5020, Bevan, F. B., age 5. Needs leg irons and boots.

"5045, Suatt, E. S., age 12. Needs spinal stays and surgical boots."

And so on and so on, with variations of this sort:

"870a, Bigsby, J. B., age 8. Spinal disease.

"1252a, Hems, S. H., age 7. Withered arm and leg.

"485a, Grimmie, E. G., age 11. Infantile paralysis."

Not pleasant reading by any means, but doesn't it make you a bit ashamed of your fanciful troubles, especially when you remember that these are all *children*, with all a child's longing for freedom and elasticity of motion; but, alas! through some weakness inherited, or through some accident such as your own children might have had—a fall, a fright, or the outcome of some sickness—and the poor things are crippled for life.

Finding an Outlet

Yes, a little study of such sad realities does one good, takes us out of ourselves, touches and stirs up the better feelings that are in us, makes us feel a little more kindly earnest. Then the question is, What are we going to do with this better feeling? Indulge it for its own sake only, and feel thankful that we have such fine, sensitive natures? Let that be done and we are worse at heart than we were before. For it is a curious but wisely meant law of our being that the emotion which finds no outlet in some cor-

THE QUIVER

responding good deed, turns back on itself and forms a crust to harden us the more.

But, it may be asked, what can we do? We feel for these wee suffering mites, but they lie quite out of our range; we live too far away to visit them, and haven't the time even if we were nearer. Just so: it is the lot of some of the best-hearted folk in the world. Let there be the will, however, and the Crutch-and-Kindness League provides the way. It is via the Post Office. All it asks its members to do is for each one to write a letter, once a month at least, to one of these little cripples put into his or her care for the purpose, with all particulars of the case given. That's all. But let us remember that it is loneliness these poor maimed children feel more than anything. They know that there is a big world somewhere outside their range, and a letter, all to their very own selves, from some kind soul out there—this is to them a very angel's message from the parted gates of Eden. And who cannot send such a message, wherever situated, or of whatever age or sex? It is because of this that the League has spread so far through all the world, as a glance at the list of new members from month to month will suggest.

All further particulars about this merciful and gracious work may be had for a stamp from Sir John Kirk, Secretary and Director, Ragged School Union, 32 John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

New Members for the Month

Miss Ada Amos, Alnmouth, Northumberland.
Miss G. Barker, Toronto, Canada; Miss Susie Barker, Portman Square, London, W.; Miss Bates, Victoria, B.C.; Miss Olive Border, Blackheath, London, S.E.; Miss Elsie Boyce, Bridgetown, Barbados; Miss Shelagh Brereton, Dukinfield, Cheshire; Miss Brooke-Williams, Streatham, London, S.W.
Miss May Causton, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk; Mrs. Challinor, Ruiship, Middlesex; Miss Bessie Clark, Chalford, Glos; Miss Nellie Coates, Sutton Benger, Wilts; Miss L. Cole, Stourport, Worcestershire; Miss J. Priscilla Cowley, Esher, Surrey; Lady Crease, Victoria, B.C.; Miss Connatty, Victoria, B.C.; Miss M. and Master Bertram Curtis, Victoria, B.C.
Miss Davenport, Gotherington, near Cheltenham; F. Benjamin De Mel, Esq., Colombo, Ceylon; Mrs. Dr. Denoran, Victoria, B.C.; Master Ewart Drake, Sutton, Ely; Miss E. Drewitt, Farnham, Surrey; Miss M. Durran, Penarth, S. Wales.
Mrs. Elderry, Drogheda, Ireland; Misses Agnes and Lillian Evershed, East Grinstead, Sussex;

Mrs. Fitton, Thimperley, Cheshire; Miss Isabelle Foster, St. Mark's, Cheltenham; Miss and Miss Dorothy Frampton, Victoria, B.C.; Miss Gerty Fry, Henley-on-Thames, Oxon.

Mrs. Garrett, Ballinasloe, Ireland; Mrs. Gibson, Melton Mowbray, Leicester; Miss Gladstone, Victoria, B.C.; Miss Harriet Glasham, Blairneand, Banff, N.B.; Miss D. E. Golland, Clapton, London, N.E.; Mrs. Groome, Clapham Common, London, S.W.; Mrs. M. Gwynne-Lewis, Dinas Powis, S. Wales.

Miss Anne Halliday, Aberfeldy, Scotland; Miss Daisy Hamilton, Tinahely, Ireland; Miss E. Hamplin, Penarth, S. Wales; Miss G. Harvey, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk; Miss Hedley, Victoria, B.C.; Mrs. Harry Higham, London, W.; Mrs. and Miss Nell Holms-Dunlop, Hastings, Sussex; Miss M. Hum, Colchester, Essex; Miss B. Gordon Hutchinson, Bromley, Kent; Miss Margery Hutchinson, Carlisle, Cumberland; Mrs. Haswell, Bickerton, Cheshire; Miss M. Harding, Bickerton, Cheshire.

Mrs. Irvine, Coburg, Ontario, Canada.
Master Jephson, Paterangi, New Zealand; Miss A. Jones, Bickerton, Cheshire.

Miss Elizabeth Kingsbury, Dublin, Ireland.
Miss Nora Lees, Birkenhead, Cheshire.
Miss Gertrude McLaggan, Wishaw, Scotland; Mrs. McIntosh, Bromyard, Worcester; Miss J. McPherson, Auckland, New Zealand; Miss Elsie Menzies, Lyttelton, New Zealand; Miss Milne, Fortar, N.B.; Miss Eva Morse, Stonehouse, Glos.
Miss Kathleen Nicholson, West Melbourne, Australia.

Miss E. Collinson Oakley, Melton Mowbray, Leicester; Miss Jane E. Oad, London, S.W.; Miss C. O'Brien, Dover, Kent; Miss Osborne, Slane, Ireland.
Mrs. Penberton, Senl, Victoria, B.C.; Mrs. T. Purves, Brighton, Sussex; Miss M. Parks, Brighton, Sussex.

Miss E. Margaret Reed, Southall, Middlesex; Mrs. Richards, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs; Miss Eleanor Robertson, Newmans, N.B.; Miss Ailsa Rodwell, Colman's Hatch, Sussex; Mrs. Bruce Ronaldson, Colinton, Midlothian.

Mr. A. H. Shelfield, Cooktown, N. Queensland; Mrs. Simpson, Forhabers, N.B.; Mrs. Silk, Cricklewood, London, N.; Miss L. G. Smith, Mersham, Ashford; Miss Rita Stokes, Barbados, B.W.I.; Mrs. Sugden, Dewsbury, Yorks.

Mrs. J. W. and Miss D. Taylor, Belfast, Ireland; Miss Grace Taylor-Restell, South Kensington, London, S.W.; Nurse Janet Torn, Lincoln, Lincs; Miss Margaret Turpin, Burford, Oxon.

Miss Mary A. Vawoe, Stockbridge, Hants; Miss Edith Varley, Richmond, Surrey.

Miss D. Wainwright, Hove, Sussex; Mr. H. Whitcock, Victoria, B.C.; Misses D. and G. Woodward, Victoria, B.C.; Miss Edith Wright, Tumbidge Wells, Kent.

Pastor Pullen, Miss Gladys Mayors, Miss Dora Brown, Miss Gertie Ansell, Mrs. H. Cox, Miss R. Drane, Mrs. I. Hellver, Misses A. and Martha Street, Shirley, Southampton. (Group 71.)

William Parkin, Jack Holt, Charlie Hill, Percy Seymour, Alfred Walton, Alfred Kew, Douglas Pidd, Alfred Chapman, Douglas Boardman, Crowle, near Doncaster. (Group 6.)

Miss Annie Buchanan, Miss Ethel Clark, Miss Violet Dawes, Miss Hastings, Miss M. Matheson, Miss G. McPherson, Miss Grace Paton, Misses R. and V. Patrick, Miss Isobel Taylor, Dunedin, New Zealand. (Group 121.)

Miss Freda Hacker, Miss Ostra Turner, Miss Betty Peters, Misses Mildred and Hilda Varley, Finchley, London, N. (Group 11.)

THE QUIVER

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Sunday School Pages

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

MAY 5th. POVERTY AND RICHES

Luke vi. 20-26: xvi. 19-31.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE: (1) The blessedness of poverty, hunger, and persecution. (2) Two men—one rich and the other poor—in the present life. (3) The two men in the life that is to come.

Sharing with Others

OUR Lord never taught that riches in themselves are an evil; what He always emphasised was that they ought to be used not for selfish purposes, but for the good of others. As we share our possessions with those who are less fortunately situated, we obtain the blessing which God means us to have.

Even the poorest has something to share. This is admirably illustrated by the story of a crippled girl who lived in a squalid tenement house. One day a lady visited the bare room where the girl lay, and took a rickety chair by the bed. Placing her hand on the thin little fingers, she said gently: "Would you like to have me sing for you?" "Oh, yes, lady," exclaimed the girl, her eyes glowing with pleasure; "but first won't you open the door a crack?" Then, as her visitor looked surprised, she explained: "There's lots of folks in the house who'd like to hear the singing. I'd feel selfish if I kept it all to myself."

Love makes the Difference

When love reigns in the heart the outlook upon everything is changed, and sharing with others becomes a joy instead of a burden.

"It is just as different as can be," said one young friend to another. "What is different?" "Why, being a Christian. Everything is so different from what I expected." "What did you expect?" "When you used to talk about my becoming a Christian," was the reply, "I used to say to myself, 'No, I can't now, for I should have to do so many hard things, and I can never do them.' I thought I should have to look solemn, say long prayers, and read the Bible." "But you read your Bible and go to church and prayer-meeting?" "Yes," came the smiling answer, "but then I love to do these things. That makes all the difference. I love Jesus, and love to do all He wishes me to do."

When the Penalty Falls

There is a solemn warning in our lesson with regard to wasted opportunities. Wrong-

doing always has a price to pay. If we sin we suffer. It is said that when Nero assassinated his mother, he spent the following night in an oppressive slumber. For the first time in his life he was disturbed by dreams. Many times he started up in terror, and he dreaded the return of dawn. Flatterers dispelled his fears, but there was ever after a ghastly look on his countenance. Many long nights he lay awake and heard wailings from the top of Misenum, where was his mother's grave.

MAY 12th. THE LAW OF LOVE

Luke vi. 27-38: Romans xiii. 8-10

POINTS TO EMPHASISE: (1) The Christian's attitude to his enemies. (2) Copying the Divine example. (3) The great law of the kingdom—Love.

Killing our Enemies

"Love your friends," say other religions; "Love your enemies," demands Christ.

"I always kill my enemies," said one gentleman to another. "How do you do it?" was the astonished question. "I kill them with kindness," was the reply.

In the life of St. Catherine of Siena there is a beautiful story. One of the leading men in the city was a great fighter, and had many enemies, all of whom he had threatened to kill. Going to him one day, St. Catherine pleaded with him to forgive one of his enemies, and after long and earnest persuasion on her part, he promised that he would. Fulfilling his promise, the man was overcome with wonder at his own sensations, at the relief of mind, the new peace of heart and inward content which had come to him. Hungry for more of this new satisfaction, he soon forgave all his enemies, and under the happy experience became a man of changed life and character.

Love your Enemies

The Rev. W. C. Burns, one of the pioneer missionaries to China, was once robbed of his watch. As the thief hurried away, the missionary called him back so that he might explain to the man how to wind up the watch! So touched was he by this extraordinary kindness that he returned the watch to the missionary. Then he called out to his comrades: "You must come and get what you want from this man, for I won't help you to rob him."

THE QUIVER

If all followers of Jesus Christ lived up to this standard, the world would witness a testimony for Christianity that it could not resist.

MAY 19th. THE OLD LAW AND THE NEW LIFE

Matthew v. 17-26.

POINTS TO EMPHASIS: (1) Christ and the Law. (2) The affinity between hate and murder. (3) Our Lord on future judgment.

CHRIST came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it. He introduced a new standard of conduct and of judgment, and revealed a nobler method of dealing between man and man. For long years the republics of Chili and Argentina were at war with one another, but at length a settlement of the exact limits of each country was arrived at, and then came the question of how this new boundary should be marked. Fortresses would have to be numerous and expensive. At last to one man of eminence came the happy inspiration of erecting a statue of Christ to guard the frontier. This was done, and to-day, standing high in the very heart of the Andes, may be seen a colossal figure of Christ bearing silent witness to the reign of peace, and having on its pedestal this noble inscription: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble to dust than Argentines and Chilians break the peace which, at the feet of Christ the Redeemer, they have sworn to maintain."

Free from the Law

Christ spoke of judgment as well as of love, but He also provided a way of escape.

Years ago, when slavery used to exist in America, a Southern lady was travelling to England. Getting on board the vessel with her maid at New York, she said to the captain: "I am in great difficulty about this girl. She has been my maid, my slave, my personal attendant from her childhood. I am very fond of her and she of me. Tell me, now, what I am to do about her when I get to England? Is she to be still mine in the same way as she is here?" The captain asked: "Where is she?" "There she is, standing on the deck." "Madam," said he, "you are too late. The deck of a British ship is the same as British soil. That girl is free now."

The length of the gangway made all the difference between slavery and freedom; saying "Yes" to Jesus Christ makes all the difference between being under the judgment of the law and under the protection of the new covenant of grace.

MAY 26th. THE GIFT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

Acts ii. 1-11.

POINTS TO EMPHASIS: (1) Waiting for the Spirit. (2) How the Blessing came. (3) The gift of Tongues.

The Secret of Power

A STORY is told of a brilliant preaching friar who, wherever he went, moved crowds to enthusiasm by his splendid eloquence, culture, and genius. He possessed every attractive gift of mind and body, and he was accompanied by a poor blind brother, who had no gifts at all, but simply lived a holy life, and knelt in prayer while the man of power and intellect preached. One day, when an assembly had been stirred and lifted up to an unusual ecstasy of fervour and devotion, the preacher had a vision. He saw heaven opened and the glory of the great throne streaming down, but he saw, to his surprise, that it shone not upon his head, but on the face of the lowly brother kneeling at his feet, and from that face it was reflected on the faces of the crowd. Then he knew that the power came not through his genius and eloquence, but through the pure life and fervent prayers of the brother at his side.

Whatever we are enabled to do for the Master is accomplished not in our might, but by the power of the Holy Spirit working in us.

God's best Gift

Christ promised that when He left this earth He would send the Comforter to be with His people. That gift—the gift of the Holy Ghost—God is ever willing to bestow upon His children, but many of them are content with minor blessings when they might easily have the best that the Father has to offer.

In an address not long ago, Dr. Harry Guinness told how his own little boy, aged three and a half years, was looking over an illustrated Bible story-book on one occasion, and was greatly interested in a picture of Jacob asleep on a stone pillow while the angels of God ascended and descended the great ladder set up from earth to heaven. "Daddy," said the child, "why did the angels keep coming to Jacob?" "While I was thinking of the best answer," said the Doctor, "the working of the child mind was revealed in the quaint suggestion: 'Was it to bring him chocolates?'"

"And so," added Dr. Guinness, "must often seem to our Heavenly Father the strangely limited ideas of blessing His children too often have. We are content with 'chocolates' when we might have the vision of God."

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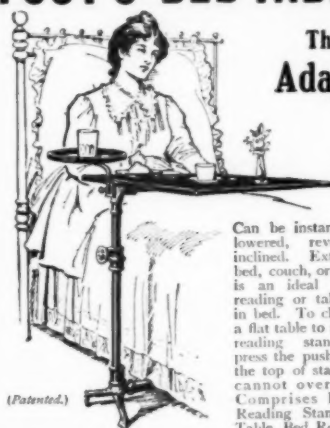
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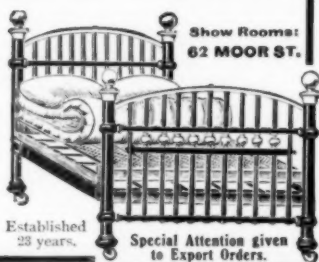
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